

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 6.

THE FAMOUS TORTUGAS BULL-FIGHT.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THERE was an air of mystery about a certain house in Tortugas. For several days a number of boys had been coming and going, meeting in the back yard, and arranging seats about the sides (some of which they decorated with green vines, and others with pots of flowers), until finally the place bore the appearance of a circus, with its central inclosed arena.

The secret finally made its escape, and a rumor announced to the world that on the Fourth of July there would be in the arena a bull-fight, at which a celebrated matador would appear.

I remember it well, for I was the matador, and the picadors and banderilleros were my fun-loving companions. Our parents had recently been on a visit to Havana, where they had attended a bull-fight, and the event was now to be duly reproduced with all the splendor available.

I had been chosen matador. There was no little competition, and well there might be: the matador receives all the honors. He it is who, with eagle eye, stands like a statue and receives the terrific charge of the bull, slays him by a thrust of his gleaming sword; and then, as the animal is dragged off, accepts the homage of the people.

I was matador not that I had experience, but simply because I owned the "bull"—a very extraordinary rabbit that had known me as master for several years.

"Jack," as the rabbit was called, differed from any of his kind that I have ever seen or heard of. He was not only absolutely without fear, but he never missed an opportunity to show his courage. He stood not upon the order of going, but promptly charged every person or dog that dared to enter upon his ground. This disposition upon Jack's part, I must confess, was encouraged rather than otherwise. It was a strong temptation to scale the fence of the inclosure in which he was kept, jump in, run across, and climb up the other side just ahead of Jack, who would leap a foot into the air in his disappointment.

It can readily be seen, then, that Jack possessed all the characteristics necessary to enable him to perform as a first-class bull; and in no sense did he disappoint the great expectations we had of him.

On the day of the proposed bull-fight everything was in readiness. The yard, which was covered with grass, was about thirty feet wide by sixty in length, and surrounded by a fence.

Boxes had been placed in the upper end, against this fence; and here the young spectators were seated, representing the Spanish *grandees* and ladies, patrons of the sport.

As the *matador*, I was not to come in until the bull had been driven to a frenzy by the *banderilleros* or dart-throwers, and *picadors* or

be on horseback, and were armed with long spears made of old garden poles; while the *banderilleros* only carried red bandanas, which they were to wave in front of the enraged bull to distract his attention if it so happened that the *picadors* were in danger.

Finally everything was ready. A blast from a bugle, and the slat which took the place of a gate was pulled up, the bull darted from his box, and with two or three hops gained the center of the arena.

Jack was a magnificent fellow, large, and dark gray except a white stripe running down his nose; his ears were long and lopped heavily. He was a native of the British Isles, and possessed all the fighting qualities that appertain to the Evergreen Isle. For a moment, the bull (meaning Jack, of course) looked about, amazed at the unusual concourse; then, perceiving a *banderillero* waving a red cloth, he started. His long ears stood out straight behind, and he went over the ground like a flash. The *banderillero* stepped nimbly to one side after the usual



"THE 'BULL' DARTED FROM HIS BOX."

spearmen. At an early moment I took my place among the *grandees*. I was dressed in an attempt at Spanish magnificence, with numerous ribbons and a turban-like hat, and was armed with a wooden sword; as, after all, it was in fun, and at the last Jack was to be spared. The *picadors* and *banderilleros* were also fantastically arrayed. One was bare-legged and had red ribbons bound about his sun-browned limbs; another wore a yellow sash about his waist and many-hued ribbons on shoulders and elbows. The two *picadors* were supposed to

fashion, but Jack jumped for the scarlet cloth, seized it with his teeth, and jerked it from the hands of the *banderillero*, amid a roar of applause.

This was an unexpected move and not down on the bills, and the *banderillero* stood irresolute a moment. Not so the bull. Dropping the bandana, he rushed at his enemy, who, panic-stricken, leaped into the air to avoid him and then dashed pell-mell for the fence. The bull had gone by but a few feet, and, turning quickly, he flew in pursuit with fire in his eye, and would



THE PICADOR EVADES THE "BULL'S" CHARGE.

have overtaken his victim had not a picador dropped the point of his long lance, and prepared to charge. Quick as a flash, the bull lowered his head and dashed under the wea-

pon. Taken by surprise, the picador hesitated; the audience, seeing his danger, screamed and shouted encouragingly — then hooted and jeered as he turned and fled at full speed. The bull was not a foot behind, and the picador had no opportunity to climb the fence without being caught unless he could first increase the distance between them. So on he flew, once around, then dodged, and amid a roar of applause leaped his imaginary horse into the air, allowing the bull to pass under him. Before the latter could recover, he was half-way to the fence. To increase his speed he threw down the spear. A few steps more, and he reached the barrier — his hands were on the top rail — up — almost over, when a long-eared object shot into the air. A yell, a ripping, tearing sound, and the bull dropped back with a mouthful of gaudy ribbons, while the defeated picador whisked over the fence.

The bull looked at the ground, chewed the ribbons a moment or two, and boldly hopped into the middle of the arena. He smelled of the wooden lance, nosing it with contempt, then deliberately sat up on his haunches and



ESCAPE OF THE PICADOR.

looked around, with his great lop ears gracefully drooping.

This was undoubtedly a challenge; and the grandees stood up in the private boxes and cheered long and loud. In the mean while the "physician" in attendance had been sent for court-plaster; as on the brown legs of the pic-

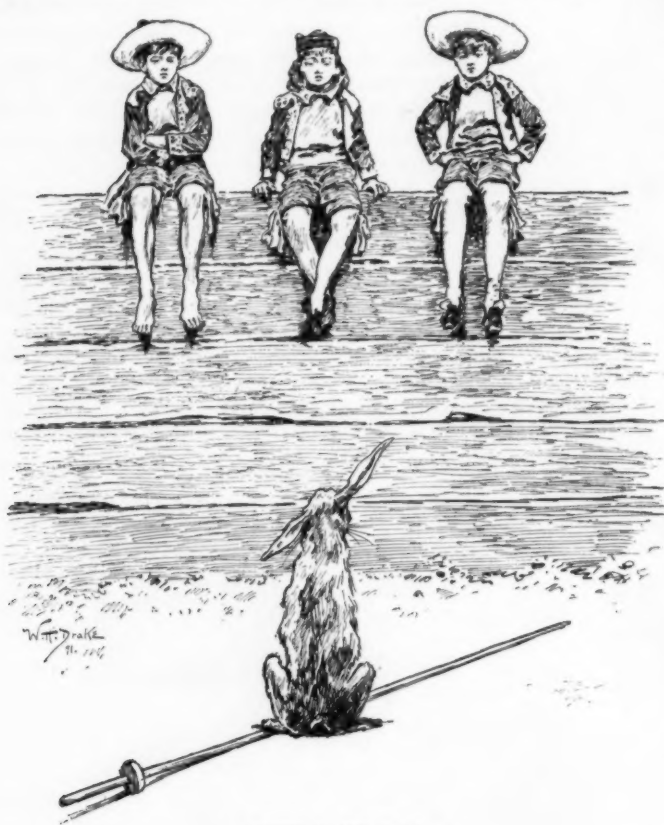
The picadors and banderilleros decided that they had done their duty, which was to enrage the bull by feats of daring at the risk of their legs. The horse of one picador had been terribly gored, they said; a banderillero wounded and his expensive costume ruined; and the bull was not only not conquered, but seemed to be

enjoying it,—to prove which they pointed to his recumbent form. Shouts now came from the grand stand, and the grandees rose *en masse* and clamored for the matador.

For the benefit of St. NICHOLAS readers who have never engaged in a bull-fight, I should explain that the matador is selected for personal prowess and skill. He must stand the charge of the bull, and, as the infuriated animal dashes at him, step swiftly aside and plunge his true and gleaming blade into the victim, killing him on the spot. It was now my turn; and, as I stepped down from the boxes and the grandees cheered and waved their sombreros, it was the proudest day of my life. My lath sword was looked to, and, feeling glad that I knew the bull, I stepped into the arena.

Old Jack first raised one ear as I entered, next raised his head and calmly eyed me; then he dropped his big ears upon the grass again and pretended to go to sleep!

This was unbearable; and an agile picador sprang forward and fluttered a red bandana before him. Jack rose into the air with a single bound, and away went the two for the fence, the picador escaping, and the bull leaping halfway, but falling back upon his haunches. For a moment he stood looking up, hoping that his



MASTER OF THE ARENA.

ador various red streaks were rapidly appearing. After the bull had seized the gay ribbons that had ornamented the short trousers of the brave picador, he had used his hind legs vigorously as scratchers—"raking the picador fore and aft," as was said by a young sailor who was among the spectators. This was the first casualty, and inspired every one with no little respect for the bull. He was lying stretched at full length upon the grass, with one eye on the boxes, where a loud talking was kept up.



"SEIZING JACK BY ONE OF HIS LONG EARS, I WRENCHED HIM FROM HIS HOLD."

enemy would reappear. Then, turning, he saw the matador.

Jack evidently recognized me, and felt that here was no common enemy, but one who knew his tactics. And I did; numerous scars upon my legs testifying to the fact. He did not approach me, but loped slowly around the circle—a scheme to gain time, I thought. A picador now jumped after him, another met him in front. Finally he turned, and, as they fled, came at me upon a dead run. It was in the nature of a surprise; but I stood firm, intending to lunge at him, pretending to slay him. Then, by successful dodging, I would avoid a personal conflict, claiming a victory upon the ground of skill. All eyes were upon me; the grandees were spell-bound, and a blast from the trumpet rent the air.

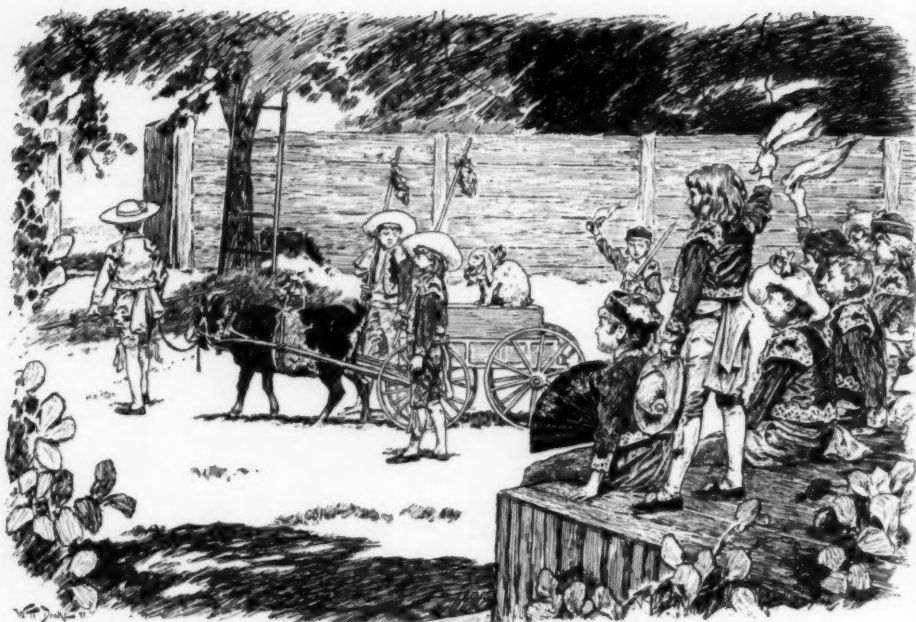
On came the bull, and raising my gleaming lath I prepared to strike and jump; but the bull forestalled me. Instead of coming close, as was his rule, he jumped at me from a distance of about three feet. Confused by the flying object, I fell back, caught my foot in a piece of wire-grass, and ignominiously went down with Jack upon me. He seized my thin trousers with his

teeth,* and with quick scratches of his sharp hind claws gave the article as many serious wounds. A shout—yes, a roar—arose as I fell! I was aware of the derisive tone, and seizing Jack by one of his long ears, I wrenched him from his hold and picked myself up. No gaily caparisoned horses came in to drag out the dead bull; no applause arose from the grandees; no flowers or wreaths were thrown to the victor.

The matador had been fairly defeated, and he was forced to acknowledge it.

This unlooked-for ending had somewhat changed the program. It was expected that the bull would be slain, or defeated, and a goat in complete harness, with a garland of flowers about his neck, was in waiting to drag out the body. A compromise was finally effected, for the grandees cheered the bull and demanded that he receive the flowers. So the matador accepted the situation, the goat-team was driven in, a box placed on the cart, and the victorious bull was perched upon it. He looked ready for another fight, and as if he would enjoy it.

And so the cavalcade drove up to the boxes of the grandees, and the wreath intended for the matador was placed about the neck of tri-



TRIUMPHAL EXIT OF JACK.

umphant Jack. Chewing at the flowers, he was borne proudly around the arena, amid shouts, and blasts from the trumpet! Then the

picadors and banderilleros opened the gates, and he passed out.

So ended the famous Tortugas bull-fight.

IT REALLY RAINED.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN the most violent shower of last summer, when the rain fell as violently as we North Americans ever see it descend, I could not help but think how slight a rainfall it was as compared with a shower that once overtook me—a shower that causes me to say that I have only once seen it “really rain.”

It was in Cuba, and I was in a railway-car, journeying from Matanzas to Havana. It was springtime, and the beginning of the rainy season was at hand. The people were looking

forward to the first rain as—I was going to say, as we do to the first snow; but that does not parallel their expectation, for they know that when it once begins to rain there is an end to their liberty. After that it may (and it does) rain at any moment on every day and several times a day. But such rain! When you hear a description of the first shower of the season, you will say that until we have been to the tropics we shall not know what rain is, any more than we know what a snow-storm is until we have lived

on the plains in winter, or what ice is without going to the arctic regions. We live in what is well termed the temperate zone; and grand as nature is around us, she is seldom terrific.

The first intimation that I had of the likelihood that something was going to happen, came from my seeing a dense jet-black cloud over against the southern horizon. All around me lay a peaceful and prosperous scene. Beside the track were some hut-like negro cabins, with black women seated in the doorways, and funny little half-naked piccaninnies playing in the dirt. A long row of giant palms was behind the huts, bordering a wide clearing, and throwing great black patches of shade on the sunlit earth. Beyond the clearing were woods and a jungle. The train came to a standstill, and I drank in the beautiful scene, all yellow and green and hot. I noticed that not a breath of air was stirring, and I envied the Cubans around me in the car, dressed for the climate in white duck and loose shirts and spreading straw hats.

But the black cloud grew bigger and blacker. It was advancing toward us with very great, and evident, speed; and presently I saw that it was all fretted with bolts of lightning, toothed with white darts of fire. Never before or since did I see such a dreadful display of the electrical force. The bolts were so close together that it seemed as if they must destroy every living thing in the pathway of the cloud. When the black and terrible mass in the sky came still nearer, it seemed no longer toothed or fringed, but it spat the lightning with vicious force straight down upon the forest beneath it.

Next came a sucking, roaring sound of wind, the sky grew black, and with the last glimmer of daylight, before it vanished into night, I saw the giant palm-trees throw up their huge fan-like arms like mortal creatures that were hurt and panic-stricken. Then the storm burst over the train, and through its din I heard the crashing

of the falling palm-branches that had been snapped off and thrown to the earth.

In another minute the worst of the darkness was over, and in the half-light that remained I saw such rain as I never had dreamed could fall from the sky. It did not appear to fall in drops, or in "ropes," as I once heard an Englishman say of a severe downpour of rain, but it descended in vast thick sheets, layer upon layer. You could see one thickness tumbling after the other as so many great plates of glass might be thrown down. It grew lighter still, and I saw that the beautiful palms were wrecked, and were still writhing in their misery, tossing up their broad hands and thick arms, many of which were broken and disjointed, while others had been snapped off.

At the feet of the palms there was no longer any ground. The surface of the earth had become a lake. The water stood high in the doorways of the negro cabins. The litter of palm-branches floated about on the rain-pelted water. I remember waiting to see the train demolished by the lightning, but it was not, nor could I see that the fiery bolts had harmed anything around us. Another minute passed,—perhaps not more than five minutes had passed since the shower began,—and the daylight came back grandly, disclosing the great flood everywhere.

A Cuban, sitting on the other side of the car from me, passed me his cigarette-box; and as he did so he said in a labored effort to be polite in a foreign tongue: "I t'ink it will rain. W'at you t'ink?"

The cars moved on. The black cloud had gone far to the north. The sun burst through the sky, and the water began to sink into the ground. Presently we were passing through a region where millions of jewel-like raindrops on the trees were all that told of the furious shower which had ushered in the rainy season of the year.

THE LARK'S SECRET.

BY JESSIE B. SHERMAN.

ELSA THORN was a dear, shy little English girl, who lived with her grandmother and with sister Betty in a pretty village near the sea.

Now, when Elsa was born, the kind fairies who love all good children gave her a very lovely gift—a sweet, beautiful voice; so very sweet, truly, that every one who heard it once longed to hear it again. However, very few besides Granny and sister Betty ever did hear it, for, as I said, Elsa was shy.

But at last there came a time when she found she must try to be brave. Something was about to happen—something very grand indeed. A splendid musical service was to be held at Easter in the beautiful new church; and it had been announced that all the children might come and have their voices tested by the great master, with the chance of being chosen to join the children's choir and have the best of training for many weeks.

Ah, what a chance for Elsa! Surely she must not lose it; and so it was decided that on the morrow she should go with the rest.

"Well," said Grandmother, "it is indeed a great opportunity, and I hope you will try to be brave, dear, and sing well; for think of the training, my child, the valuable training. Perhaps you may even sing like the sweet lark yonder, should your voice but learn its use."

"But my poor lark sings no more, now that it is caged," said Elsa. "Perhaps the seeds we give it make it ill."

Early next day, even before the old sexton had finished his dusting, little Elsa was at the church door, and soon the flocks of children came swarming in, all eager and impatient for the great master to come.

And, when he did come, what a moment was that, and how great the awe and excitement of it all! No wonder shy little Elsa was shaking with fear. It all seemed a dreadful dream, the waiting for her turn to come. At

last, however, she stood alone, facing the stern eyes of the great master.

I do not like to tell what happened next.

In spite of all her brave resolutions, the poor child gave way. It was pitiful to see her; even the stern master looked sorry when the clear, sweet voice faltered, and the rare high notes, which came so easily at home, failed utterly, ending with a sob.

Lost, lost, all lost!

Elsa was on her way home now, smothering her sobs as best she could, walking with her eyes too blinded by tears to notice the hurrying crowd about her. But who was this touching her shoulder? What voice was speaking so kindly at her side? Surely this could not be the stern, terrible master! Yet it was he. And, listen, is he not saying that Elsa may try again at the second test, next day? After all, the chance is not lost then! But how should she learn to be brave?

Late into the night Elsa lay in her little bed, thinking. Once the lark, in its cage at the window, stirred in its sleep.

"Little bird," murmured Elsa, "how is it that you, too, cannot sing any more now?"

Again the lark stirred. Elsa was growing very sleepy. Was it the effect of the moonlight, or was the little bird nodding its head at her? More and more sleepy she grew, and whether she dreamed it or whether it really happened no one could ever be quite sure, but after a while it seemed as if the lark were speaking. Yes, surely she heard it plainly now, though the voice was very low.

"Dear mistress," it said, "shall I tell you a secret? You ask me why I cannot sing; but have you never thought that one cannot sing in prison? Set me free, my little mistress, and I will tell you my great secret. Yes, I will tell you how I sing, and how you, too, may sing."

"Oh," cried Elsa, starting up in bed, "that

will be splendid! Tell me, birdie, tell me, and you shall be free to-morrow, I promise you."

The lark hopped to the side of the cage and looked down at Elsa.

"Did you never notice," it said, "that when we sing we always look up into the beautiful sky? And we sing to the sun, and to the sweet air, and most of all to the dear Father above. Now, I cannot sing here to my cage bars, neither can you sing to the church walls or the crowd within. But forget them, little mistress. Think of the beautiful world without, and sing as the birds sing. Then you will succeed."

Elsa, much pleased, tried to clap her hands, but with the effort everything seemed to change. There was the bright sun shining in at the window, and Betty calling her to breakfast. The lark still looked very knowing, however, and Elsa found it hard to believe that she had but dreamed.

"I promised, anyway," she said gravely to the lark; and soon after breakfast, having whispered the story to Betty, they carried their precious bird out to the meadows and set it free. Then it was that Elsa felt surer than ever that it was all no dream, for the little lark, so long dumb, no sooner passed the cage bars than it burst into a song so glorious, so rapturous, that the children held their breath and listened as it soared up and up, straight toward the sun, singing till it vanished at last; and yet its song still came to them, far, far away, but exquisitely sweet.

Elsa went to the church, but all the way the lark's song rang in her ears; and when she herself stood up to sing, it was there still.

Gazing straight up through the open window to the far-off sky, she sang as it had sung: sang for the very joy of singing, till her clear voice thrilled with a melody more exquisite than ever before.

All was still when she finished. The children stared in wonder; and as for the master—well, he wiped his eyes suspiciously, and, after some clearing of his throat, nearly took Elsa's breath away by telling her that she—yes, she, little Elsa Thorn—was chosen to sing the solo!

But about the lark? Well, that was the strangest part of all; for on reaching home



"THEY CARRIED THEIR PRECIOUS BIRD OUT TO THE MEADOWS AND SET IT FREE."

Elsa found it perched on a rose-bush in the garden, and though it would not come very near, it seemed extremely friendly, and Elsa declared that if ever a bird looked as if it wanted to say, "I told you so," the lark did.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Charlie Morton so boldly declared that he would write a play, he did not for a moment doubt that he could do it. And when he further announced that he would make the scenery and design the costumes, he was quite confident that he would succeed. To be sure, he never had written a play, nor had he ever painted any scenery, or designed costumes. Perhaps that was one reason why he was so ready to enter upon these tasks. But apart from his ignorance of the amount of work in such an undertaking, Charlie was a boy who took pleasure in engaging in big enterprises. If he had lived in the days of giants, he would have been a giant-killer, and would have selected only the biggest giants. If he had met Antæus, he would have begged him to lie on the ground until Mother Earth had soaked him through with strength, before he set about fighting him. He would have promptly volunteered to tame Pegasus, whip the Minotaur, or relieve Atlas of the strain of holding up the world. As, however, there were no fabled monsters for Charlie to overcome, he took great pleasure in reading about desperate adventures, such as seeking the discovery of the North Pole, or penetrating to the interior of Africa. Even starting out to conquer all the learning that there is in the world, guarded as it is by algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus, was not without a certain charm to him because the conquest seemed so impossible.

To be sure, it had often happened that Charlie found himself unable to complete what he had taken in hand. He had tried to make all sorts of things while at army-posts where his father had been stationed, and where the carpenters and wheelwrights, the blacksmiths and saddlers, were good-natured enough to permit

him to work in their shops. He had attempted to make a wagon, a windmill, a pair of bellows, a set of harness, and various other things, at various times, none of which had ever arrived at a state where it could be used. Not that he was daunted or disheartened in the least by these failures; on the contrary, they spurred him to new efforts.

Now, Charlie was particularly fond of private theatricals and charades, for on the stage it is much easier to do impossible things than it is in actual life. He could be a pirate and scuttle whole navies, or a prairie scout and kill a hundred Indians, or a king and confer royal favors on everybody. This, together with the amount of work involved in preparing a play, the managing and directing, the authority and responsibility—all made the amusement a favorite one of his. So, after he had obtained a sort of half consent from his mother, he promptly went to work to write his play: that is to say, he went around in a deep study, and every now and then would slap his brow tragically and mutter to himself, and then hurriedly take out his pencil and note-book and scribble away at a great rate. Sometimes, when Leslie went into the library where Charlie was writing, he would start up from the desk, brandishing the paper-knife, and exclaim fiercely, "Ha! Villain! I have thee now!" whereupon Leslie would turn and run for her life. At other times he would hold out his arms and murmur pathetically, "It is! it is!—me long-lost sister!" At which Leslie would say, "Oh, Charlie, don't be so silly!" and he would roll his eyes and frown, and scrawl away in his note-book, without minding her in the least.

Charlie assured Leslie that this was the way that all great geniuses wrote plays. But at the end of a week Charlie had not got much farther than the title, and he was not quite sure of that. It was, "A Woman's Heart; or, The Moor's

Revenge." Leslie thought that it was a nice title, but his father, on being asked to admire it, objected:

"But I understood that yours was to be an American play."

"Well, so it is," said Charlie; "but I thought that putting in the 'Moor' made it sound better."

"Humph!" said his father; "that reminds me of why the men in my troop called Private Michael O'Shaughnessy 'the Italian.'"

"Why?" said Charlie.

"Because," replied his father, "he was an Irishman."

At which Leslie laughed long and loud, and Charlie looked a little discomfited.

"The trouble is," he said, "I don't have time enough to work on this play. I don't get home from school till four o'clock, and there are all my lessons to be studied, and lots of things to do. If I had more time I could do better."

"Shall I tell you what I think is the trouble?" said his father.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, a little doubtfully, afraid of being laughed at again.

"Well," said his father, "my opinion is this: You don't know whether you can write a play or not. Now, the only way to find out whether you can do a thing is to go to work and try; and you're not trying."

"Why, yes, I am, Pa," said Charlie, surprised and somewhat indignant.

"No, I think not," said his father; "you are playing at it. You go maundering around, about Arabs and women's hearts and all sorts of nonsense, trailing off here and there, wherever your fancy leads you, and never getting anywhere. That's not going to work. It is your old fault of not being practical. Now, I never wrote a play, but I fancy that it's a good deal like everything else in this world. You've got to go at it in a common-sense way, just the same as if you were making a boat or building a house. First of all, get the material together. You say that the play is to be in America in the time of the Revolution. All right, get a book and find out how they talked and dressed in those days. Then make your plot; you'd better get that out of a book, too. Then cut it into lengths according to the number of acts you are going to have.

Decide on your characters, and whom you will have to play them, and what scenes are necessary—the fewer the better. Now, knock the whole thing together, put in the conversation, and there you are."

Charlie smiled. It did seem easy, put in that way. But whoever heard of setting about writing a play as if you were going to build a house? With all due respect to his father, Charlie thought that he knew better. He gloried in his father's soldierly qualities, and loved to hear the old saying that "Morton's troop would follow him from No Man's Land to Salt Creek." But everybody knew that writing was a very different matter from soldiering. Writing had to be done by genius, by inspiration.

"You don't believe me, do you?" asked his father, looking at him with his keen gray eyes.

"Well, sir," said Charlie, blushing a little guiltily at having his thoughts read so easily, "it seems to me rather different."

"Exactly," said his father; "you think that in order to write a play a man must put on a velvet coat, and wear his hair long, and that he must roll his eyes, and bite his finger-nails, and all that tomfoolery. Well, there's your favorite, Sir Walter Scott." (Charlie was very fond of Scott's novels, and could recite whole pages of "Marmion.") "Do you suppose that he ever put on any airs of that sort? Not much! He worked like a gentleman and a man of sense, and had no patience with your affected people. However, Master Charlie, you are in command of this expedition, not I."

And so saying, the Captain laughed under his big blond mustache (it was easy to see from whom Leslie got her sunny disposition), put on his hat, and went striding freely down the street with his back so straight, and his shoulders so square, and his head so erect, that, in spite of his civilian dress, every one knew him to be a soldier.

Charlie, however, did not readily give up his cherished notions of how a play should be written; and when his father left, he proceeded to argue the matter with his mother, at some length, apparently convincing her that his view was the correct one, and at the same time trying to convince himself. For, while he felt that his father's theory was an insult to literary in-

spiration and genius, in his secret heart he knew that his father must be right because, in the first place, experience had shown that his father always was right, and because in the second place, Charlie could not deny that his father's suggestions seemed suddenly to open a path for him through the jungle of his confused ideas. He thought over the matter during the day, and at last determined to give the plan a trial.

The first point, where to locate the play, had been easy enough to decide. The spinning-wheel and the old furniture at the Fairleighs' had, in fact, decided that. Mildred, too, with her gentle ways and gestures,—Mildred, whom Leslie often good-naturedly called "old-fashioned,"—was one of the principal characters that Charlie had in his mind. Perhaps he was unconsciously thinking of the picture of Mistress Barbara, whom Mildred was said to resemble; and, indeed, as Mildred grew older, the picture really did look, at times, as if it might be herself masquerading in brocaded silk and high-dressed hair. Yes, Mildred certainly must act in an old-time play.

But the plot was not so easily secured. Fortunately, while on his way to school, Charlie remembered a story of Cooper's, full of adventures, in which Washington and his soldiers figured. As soon as school was out he went to the library in the Capitol, and, quickly scanning the various volumes of the "Leather-Stocking" series, soon found the one he desired. Sitting down with this treasure, his elbows planted on the table, and his head in both hands, Charlie began reading.

At first he skipped about in search of a good plot, and gravely considered the value of the different adventures with an eye solely to the play. But finally he became interested in the story, which he had not read for a long time, and before he was aware of it the afternoon was gone, and the attendants were lighting the gas in the reading-room. Arousing himself, Charlie looked at his watch and found that he would have to hurry home or he would be late for dinner. At the same time he felt that he had got material enough in his head to make a dozen plays.

After dinner he sat down by the parlor fire to sort out his material and select from it some-

thing that would serve his purpose. But the more he thought the more confused he grew. Just as he joyfully fancied that he had obtained an episode that would make a capital scene, he would discover that there was nothing to fit on to it; while another, that seemed to suit the purpose exactly, he would discover, later on, had a frigate or a horse or some such impossible thing in it, and was therefore useless. At last, in desperation, Charlie groaned aloud, and exclaimed, "Oh, gracious! I don't believe I can write a play!"

This remark, exploded, as it were, in the quiet of the family circle, took every one by surprise. His mother, lost in her own thoughts over her sewing, started and exclaimed, "Why, Charlie! How you frightened me!" His father looked up from his book, while Leslie, being more accustomed to Charlie's exclamations, promptly replied, "I don't believe you can, either, Charlie. I never did think so. Don't you remember I told you that you could n't?"

"Well, you're very encouraging, are n't you?" said Charlie. "Perhaps if you tried to help me a little, instead of jumping on me like that, we'd get along better."

"Well, why don't you stop acting so silly," retorted Leslie, "and do what pa said?"

"I don't think it is proper for a little girl like you to talk to her elder brother in that way," said Charlie, with dignity.

"Oh, pooh!" said Leslie.

"Now don't quarrel over it," said Mrs. Morton. "Though I do think that you are wrong, Leslie, to talk to your brother in that way; and I do think that you might try to help him instead of discouraging him."

"Oh, she did n't mean any harm, Ma," said Charlie, taking his sister's part, as was his custom whenever any one else scolded her.

"And what is more," said his father, "I don't see how any one can help you, Charlie, except by advice, and I don't think that is of much use."

"Well, Pa," protested Charlie, "I did follow your plan. I went to the library and read up for a plot, and I found a whole lot of adventures in the Revolution, but somehow or other they don't seem to work out right."

"Maybe you are too ambitious," said his

father. "You expect too much. Why not take some simple thing? Suppose that you tell us some of the stories you have read, and perhaps we can find something that will do."

"Yes, Charlie," said Leslie, getting up and sitting close to her brother, "tell us some of the stories," which was Leslie's way of saying that she was sorry for having offended him.

"Well," said Charlie, taken somewhat aback by this proposition, "let me see. I think the first was where Washington came up to a house on the Hudson one night, riding a big black horse, and it was thundering, and lightening, and raining like everything."

"I don't see how you could act that," said Mrs. Morton.

"Wait a moment, my dear," said the Captain. "Go ahead, Charlie."

"Well, Washington tied his horse to the fence and rang the door-bell—no, it was a knocker; he hammered on the knocker."

"What is a knocker?" said Leslie.

"If you interrupt me all the time," said Charlie, "I can't tell the story."

"I should think you might just tell me what a knocker is," said Leslie.

"It's a thing made out of brass or iron, that people used to hang on their front doors in place of a bell; and when you wanted to get in you pounded with it on the door."

"Why could n't they knock with their knuckles, as we do in garrison?" asked Leslie.

"Because," said Charlie, "how could they hear you in a big house in a city, if they were down in the kitchen, or up in the garret, with all the noise in the street?"

"Oh!" said Leslie.

"Well," continued Charlie, with a long sigh, "where was I? Oh, yes. A black servant opened the door and showed him into the parlor. There was a gentleman there with two ladies. They did n't know who General Washington was, 'cause he did n't have on his uniform and they had never seen his face before. The gentleman's name was—I've forgotten what his name was," said Charlie.

"Call him Smith," said his father.

"All right," said Charlie, "the gentleman's name was Smith. Now, you know his house was right between the American and British

armies, and he was trying to be neutral; only, he had a son in the British army, and he was scared all the time for fear that he was going to get into trouble with one side or the other. The eldest lady was his sister; she was about forty, and she was n't married. The other two were young and pretty, and were his daughters."

"But you said there were only two ladies altogether, Charlie," said Leslie.

"Hush, Leslie!" said her mother, frowning at her, and shaking her head.

"Well, he did, Ma," whispered Leslie.

"But the stranger," continued Charlie, not noticing these side remarks, "was evidently a gentleman, and Mr.—ah—Mr.—"

"Smith," said his father, encouragingly.

"Mr. Smith introduced him to the ladies, though he did n't know whether he was an American or a Britisher. Washington, you know, said his name was Harper."

"But that was a story," said Leslie, "and General Washington never told a story."

"Well, he did n't exactly tell a story about it," said Charlie; "only when Mr. Smith said, 'Whose health have I the honor of drinking?' General Washington said, 'Mr. Harper.'"

"I think that was just as bad as a story," said Leslie.

"I don't at all," said Charlie, indignantly. "How could he go around telling everybody who he was! He was just disguising himself, that was all. Well, then they all sat down to supper. And while they were at supper there was another knock at the front door, and pretty soon the black servant came into the room, looking as white as a sheet."

"Oh!" cried Leslie, beginning to laugh.

"I wish to goodness you'd hush, Les!" said Charlie, angrily. "How can I go on if you keep interrupting me all the time?"

"Keep quiet, Leslie," said her father.

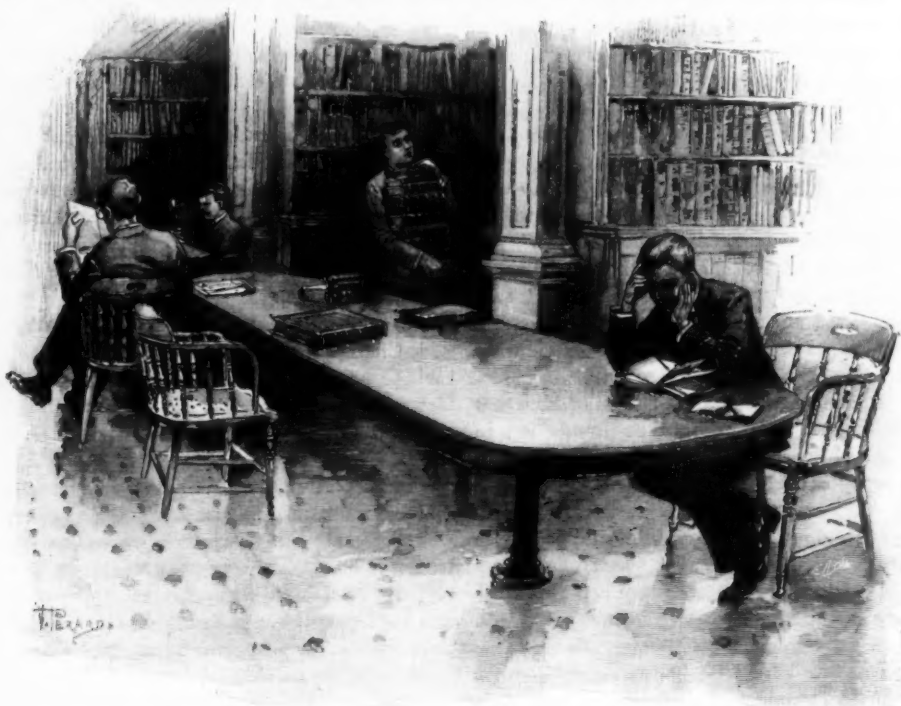
"Well," continued Charlie, "the black man whispered something to Mr. Smith, who got up and excused himself and left the room. The ladies seemed sort of worried, too, because, you know, everybody was afraid of everybody in those days. But Mr. Harper, that was General Washington, he just kept right on eating his supper. And by and by Mr. Smith returned with

another man—a man with red hair, and a red beard, and a patch over his eye, and a rough overcoat. The new man sat down to the table and began eating, and Mr. Harper looked at him pretty sharp, and they had a little conversation. They talked about the war, and one of the young ladies was on the American side, 'cause she had a lover in the American army, and the other was for the British, 'cause she had a lover in the British army. And of course they got to spatting a little bit about it; and the red-

surprised. And when he found that Mr. Harper was really gone, he shut the door and came back into the room in front of them all, and began to take off his hair, and —"

"Oh, Charlie," burst forth Leslie, "how could he take off his hair?"

"Because it was a wig, Les, don't you see?" said Charlie. "He was disguised, too. He took off his red wig and beard, and the patch on his eye, and it was the son of Mr. Smith—the young man who was in the British army! He had



"SITTING DOWN WITH THIS TREASURE, HIS ELBOWS PLANTED ON THE TABLE, AND HIS HEAD IN BOTH HANDS, CHARLIE BEGAN READING."

headed man soon showed he was for the British, and the old man, Mr. Smith, who wanted to be neutral, he was mighty uneasy, and tried to get everybody to talk about the weather and the crops. Then, pretty soon Mr. Harper—that is, General Washington—finished supper, and Mr. Smith called the negro to show him to his bedroom. Then as soon as he was gone, the red-headed man jumped up and went to the door and listened; at which they were all very much

slipped into the American lines to see his father and sisters. Well, then, of course there was a great time. Mr. Smith, he says, 'Henry, my son!' and the girls they all got around him, crying, and hugging him, as girls do, and the black servant came in to see his young master, 'cause he knew the secret all along on account of young Smith's having told him when he opened the door for him, and—and —"

"And down comes the curtain on the end of

the first act," said Captain Morton. "Bravo! Charlie, I don't see that you need look any further. That will do first rate."

"Do you really think so, Pa?" said Charlie, in great surprise.

"Why, yes," said his father. "What better do you want? In the first place, here you have a scene in a parlor; so there will be no trouble about scenery. You need only put your spinning-wheel and an old-fashioned table and chair there, that is all. Then Leslie can be one of the daughters, and Mildred the other, if her mother will consent. We don't care about the aunt or the lovers; let them go. When the curtain goes up, Mildred can be sitting at the spinning-wheel—"

"Oh, Pa," interrupted Leslie, "why can't I be sitting at the spinning-wheel?"

"Well, because it belongs to the Fairleighs," said her father, "and it will be polite to offer that place to Mildred, especially as she is your guest. Now comes a little conversation to let the audience know who Mr. Smith and the ladies are, that the war of the Revolution is going on, that there is a son and brother in the British army whom they have not seen for a long time, and so on. Then you hear the rumbling of thunder—"

"Oh," said Charlie, "I know how to make it. Sheet-iron."

"Yes," said his father, "or a gong, or a drum will do. Somebody says, 'We are going to have a storm. Pray heaven Dick'—or Tom, or whatever is the son's name—'is not out in it to-night.' Then a flash of lightning."

"Calcium!" cried Charlie.

"Yes," said his father. "Then a dash of rain. You do that by throwing a handful of dried peas into a wooden box."

"Jupiter!" exclaimed Charlie, walking up and down excitedly, "I never thought of all that. That's a fine scheme!"

"When the lightning flashes," continued his father, "one of the girls cries 'Oh!' and the other gets up and goes to the window. You can have a good deal of what they call 'business' out of the storm. Then comes the sound of horses' hoofs heard at first in the distance, and one of the young ladies says 'Hark!' and they all listen. And the sound gets louder—that

is done by drumming with the fingers on a cardboard box, or a book. At last it stops. There is a knock at the door; the black servant announces the arrival of a stranger. The black servant is the funny man of the play."

"Oh, let me be the servant, won't you, Charlie, please?" said Leslie.

"What!" cried Charlie, "and wear boy's clothes?"

"Oh," said Leslie, faintly, "I did n't think of that."

"No," said Charlie, "I will either take that myself, or give it to Will Baily. He is always talking funny, like an Irishman or a dorky. Go on, Pa, please."

"Well," said his father, "General Washington comes in, in a big military cloak and a three-cornered hat dripping with rain."

"What, really?" said Charlie.

"Of course," said his father. "All you have to do is to sprinkle a little water on them before he goes on. Then follows the conversation you told us. The youngest daughter wins General Washington's friendship by her gentle courtesy and her love of her country. They sit down to supper. The black man brings in the dishes, and makes one or two comical remarks while polishing the glasses. Meantime the storm gradually rumbles off in the distance. Then comes another rapping on the door with the knocker."

"What shall we have for a knocker?" said Charlie.

"I don't know," said his father. "You must arrange all those details yourself. I am merely giving you suggestions. I don't propose to make up the play for you."

"Of course not," said Charlie. "We'll contrive something."

"I should think two pieces of wood might do," said Mrs. Morton.

"Or we might hammer with the poker on the floor," said Leslie.

"Well," said the Captain, "your black man comes in with his eyes popping out, because the red-headed man at the door has told him who he is. As for the rest of the act, that goes on just as you related it. When General Washington departs to his bedroom the red-headed man throws off his disguise; Mr. Smith cries,

'Henry! My son!' the girls fall on his neck, and down comes the curtain."

"Hurrah!" cried Charlie; "that's fine, Pa!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Morton; "I think it is quite exciting."

"How did you know how to make a play, Pa?" said Leslie, sitting on her father's knee, and looking into his face admiringly. "Did you ever make one before?"

"No," said her father. "But I have acted in them many a time in my day. You know it has always been one of our amusements in garrison. As for making them, as I told Charlie, a little common sense goes a great way."

And the Captain's good-humored laugh was joined in by Leslie, and finally by Charlie himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next day, of course, Leslie told Mildred on their way to school of the sudden progress that the play had made, and of the part that had been assigned to her. And Mildred, as she listened, felt that to be like Mistress Barbara, seated at the spinning-wheel, while the sheet-iron thunder and the calcium lightning rattled and flashed outside, would be as near perfect joy as anything she knew of. The more she thought of it, too, the more certain she became that she could play the part well. Had not her own great-grandmothers and her great-grandaunts and her "great-grand-cousins" been ladies like these? Still she said nothing to her mother about it, when she went home from school. In fact neither Mildred nor her mother had spoken of the matter since Mrs. Morton's visit, ten days ago; partly, perhaps, because they had heard nothing from Charlie.

Later during the afternoon, however, Charlie himself made his appearance at the house, full of enthusiasm.

"Has Les told you about the play?" he said to Mildred.

"Yes," said Mildred. "Have you done anything more to it?"

"No," he said; "not yet. But is n't it fine, though?"

Mildred agreed that it was fine.

"I want to go up-stairs and look at the spinning-wheel. May I?" he asked.

"Of course," said Mildred.

But they had scarcely started up the stairs when Leslie came running after them to announce that her mother had just told her her father had said they might use his old campaign overcoat and hat for the character General Washington.

"Ma says that she can pin up the sides of the hat to make it look like a three-cornered hat," said Leslie, "and you can put some paper or something in it to make it fit."

"Of course," said Charlie, "that's easily enough fixed. I'm glad Pa lent us that coat, though. I wanted to ask him, but I did n't like to."

"But won't it spoil it to put water on it?" said Mildred.

"Spoil it!" said Charlie. "You can't spoil that coat. It has been out in the rain and the snow and the sand-storms more times than I could count. Pa has lain down in the mud or the dust, and slept in it, many a night. No; it's just the thing."

And so, all talking together, they trooped into the attic, panting and out of breath.

"Here's the wheel," said Charlie, dragging it from its corner. "Sit down by it, Mildred, and let's see how you look."

"But it's too dirty," said Mildred, drawing back.

"Well, here; wait," said Charlie, taking out his handkerchief and slapping at the wheel vigorously; "I'll dust it off."

"Goodness gracious!" cried Leslie, as a dense cloud arose. "Charlie, stop that!"

Then they all began to sneeze violently, and finally Leslie and Mildred ran out into the hall, while Charlie tried to open one of the dormer-windows. In this he finally succeeded, and inducing the girls to return, Mildred sat down on her great-granduncle's trunk, by the side of the spinning-wheel, and worked the treadle with her foot, much to Charlie's satisfaction. Then they examined the spindle-legged table and some high-backed chairs, that had stood long undisturbed in their covering of dust. Soon after, they went down-stairs, and Charlie, on the plea of asking Mrs. Fairleigh if she was quite sure he might use these things, proposed that they all go in to see that lady. Then, of

course, he told her all about the play, even to the part that Mildred was to take.

"You will let her do it, won't you, Mrs. Fairleigh?" said Charlie, finally.

"We have not quite decided yet, Charlie," said Mrs. Fairleigh; "and if you want to settle about the characters now, don't delay on Mildred's account."

"Oh, we don't at all," replied Charlie hurriedly; "there's plenty of time. And when the play is finished I will bring it over to you to read. May I? Pa told me that you would be the best person to tell me whether it was all right, only I was not to bother you."

"It would not bother me at all," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "While I do not think that I am any better able to criticize the play than others, I shall be very glad to listen to it and to help you if I can."

"Thank you," answered Charlie; "we are ever so much obliged. Now I've got to go home and write up the conversation."

And leaving Leslie with Mildred, he hurried off, full of importance.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARLIE was quite clever enough to "write up" the conversation of his play, now that he had the framework. The trouble was that he found it difficult to stop writing. He had some vague notion of making the entertainment moral and instructive, with a view, particularly, to pleasing Mrs. Fairleigh, and in that way of inducing her to let Mildred take part. So he made the personage whom they had dubbed "Old Mr. Smith" tell all about the War of Independence, giving facts and figures which Charlie himself obtained from a school history. That certainly was instructive. And General Washington in his talk uttered many good and wise sayings, which the young author took bodily from other books. When at last the act was finished, Charlie was secretly delighted with his produc-

tion, and thought with pride of the effect it would create when he read it aloud in the family circle.

But the effect was different from what he anticipated. He read his work to Leslie, first of all. He generally tried his performances on his sister before displaying them to the family at large. So, making Leslie sit down in front of him, one afternoon, in his very best manner and voice he read the play aloud. But as he proceeded Leslie began to fidget. When he came to the instructive part about the causes of the Revolution, poor Leslie yawned—actually yawned, although she tried hard to turn the



LESLIE LISTENING TO CHARLIE'S PLAY.

yawn into a cough as she caught Charlie's reproachful glance.

Then, when he became very much absorbed in his reading, she got up and went to the window and looked out. Of course that made Charlie stop; but she said, "Go on; I'm listening. I can hear better over here." And when he resumed she did try to listen, but she became more interested in what was taking place in the street, and presently, just as General Washington was saying in his most impressive manner, "A truly virtuous man is he who prides himself upon nothing," she burst out with, "Oh, Charlie, come and look at this funny old woman with a big nose!"

"I won't read you another word!" said Charlie indignantly.

"Why," said Leslie, innocently, and looking around at him, "what's the matter?" And then suddenly remembering the play, she put her hand to her mouth and exclaimed, "Oh, I forgot!" and gazed at Charlie a moment, very penitently. But, as usual, the humorous side of the situation appealed to her most strongly, and finally she began to laugh. Then she tried to excuse herself by saying, "But, Charlie, it's so long!"

"Is it?" said Charlie, looking down at his manuscript doubtfully. "Maybe it is. I had n't thought of that." Evidently there was something wrong about it. It was a great disappointment to him. Then he added, hesitatingly, "Perhaps I had better cut it down a little."

"Yes," said Leslie, promptly, "I would, if I were you." And then, seeing the postman coming up the steps, she ran out to the front door to meet him.

Charlie sat down at the desk with a sigh, and spread out his precious writing before him, somewhat at a loss what to do. At last he began to realize that an act which took so long to read would be too long to play, so he set himself seriously to the task of "cutting it down."

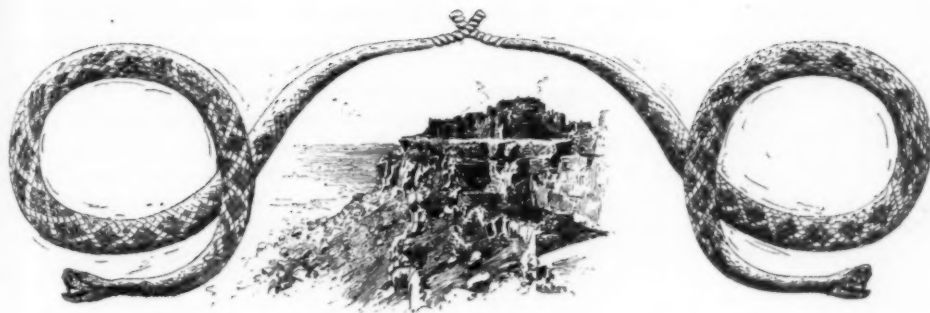
But as he read each portion over, it seemed so especially fine that he could not bring himself to destroy it, and so passed on to something else. Finally, after reading it all through, he was unable to find any place that he had the heart to omit. So he set the manuscript aside with the intention of reading it to his father that evening, hoping that he would prove a more appreciative audience than Leslie.

But, on the contrary, his father interrupted him before he had got half-way through. "My dear boy," said the Captain, "that won't do at all. As usual, you have gone wandering off into all sorts of things that have nothing to do with the action of the play. Why, your audience would get up and go away before you were half through with all that talk."

So poor Charlie had to set to work again, with much of his enthusiasm taken out of him by these successive showers of cold criticism. Three times did he write that first act over, each time squeezing it smaller and smaller, to fit into the ten minutes' time allotted by his father. Finally, on the fourth effort, when, as he gloomily remarked, every bit of good writing had been knocked out of it, his father said that, with a little more cutting at rehearsals, it would do very well.

(To be continued.)





STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

[*Began in the December number.*]

III. THE SNAKE-DANCE OF THE MOQUI.



IN and about the edges of the Great American Desert are many of the strangest corners. Those of which I have already told you are but a few of the wonders which cluster about that great waste. It seems as if Nature has crowded her curiosities into that strangest and most forbidding of museums, that they may not be too easily found.

A hundred miles north of the Petrified Forest, and well into the edge of the Arizona desert, are the seven strange and seldom visited Pueblo cities of Moqui. They all have wildly unpronounceable names, like Hualpi, A-hua-tu, and Mishongop-avi; and all are built on the summits of almost inaccessible mesas—*islands of solid rock*, whose generally perpendicular cliff-walls rise high from the surrounding plain. They are very remarkable towns in appearance, set upon dizzy sites, with quaint terraced houses of adobe, and queer little corrals for the animals, in nooks and angles of the cliff, and giving far outlook across the browns and yellows, and the spectral peaks of that weird plain. But they look not half so remarkable as they are. The most remote from civilization of all the Pueblos, the least affected by the Spanish in-

fluence which so wonderfully ruled over the enormous area of the Southwest, and practically untouched by the later Saxon influence, the Indians of the Moqui towns retain almost entirely their wonderful customs of before the conquest. Their languages are different from those of any other of the Pueblos;* and their mode of life—though to a hasty glance the same—is in many ways unlike that of their brethren in New Mexico. They are the best weavers in America, except the once remarkable but now less skilful Navajos; and their *mantas* (the characteristic black woolen dresses of Pueblo women) and dancing-girdles are so famous that the Indians of the Rio Grande valley often travel three hundred miles or more, on foot or on deliberate burros, simply to trade for the long-wearing products of the rude, home-made looms of Moqui. The Moquis also make valuable and very curious fur blankets by twisting the skins of rabbits into ropes, and then sewing these together—a custom which Coronado found among them three hundred and fifty years ago, before there were any sheep to yield wool for such fabrics as they now weave, and when their only dress materials were skins and the cotton they raised.

It is in these strange, cliff-perched little cities of the Húpi ("the people of peace," as the Moquis call themselves) that one of the most astounding barbaric dances in the world is held;

* Except that the one Moqui village of Tehua speaks the language of the Tehuas on the Rio Grande, whence its people came.

for it even yet exists. Africa has no savages whose mystic performances are more wonderful than the Moqui snake-dance, and as much may be said for many of the other secret rites of the Pueblos.

The snake is an object of great respect among all uncivilized peoples; and the deadlier his power, the deeper the reverence for him. The Pueblos often protect in their houses an esteemed and harmless serpent—about five or six feet long—as a mouse-trap; and these quiet mousers keep down the little pests much more effectively than a cat, for they can follow *shee-lá-deh* to the ultimate corner of his hole.

But while all snakes are to be treated well, the Pueblo holds the rattlesnake actually sacred. It is, except the *pichucúte* (a real asp), the only venomous reptile in the Southwest, and the only one dignified by a place among the "Trues." The *ch'ah-rah-ráh-deh** is not really worshiped by the Pueblos, but they believe it one of the sacred animals which are useful to the Trues, and ascribe to it wonderful powers. Up to a generation ago it played in the marvelous and difficult superstitions of this people a much more important part than it does now; and every Pueblo town used to maintain a huge rattlesnake, which was kept in a sacred room, and with great solemnity fed once a year. My own Pueblo of Isleta used to support a sacred rattler in the volcanic caves of the Cerro del Aire,† but it escaped five years ago, and the patient search of the officials failed to recover it. Very truthful old men here have told me that it was nearly as large around as my body; and I can believe it with just a *little* allowance, for I myself have seen one here as large as the thickest part of my leg.

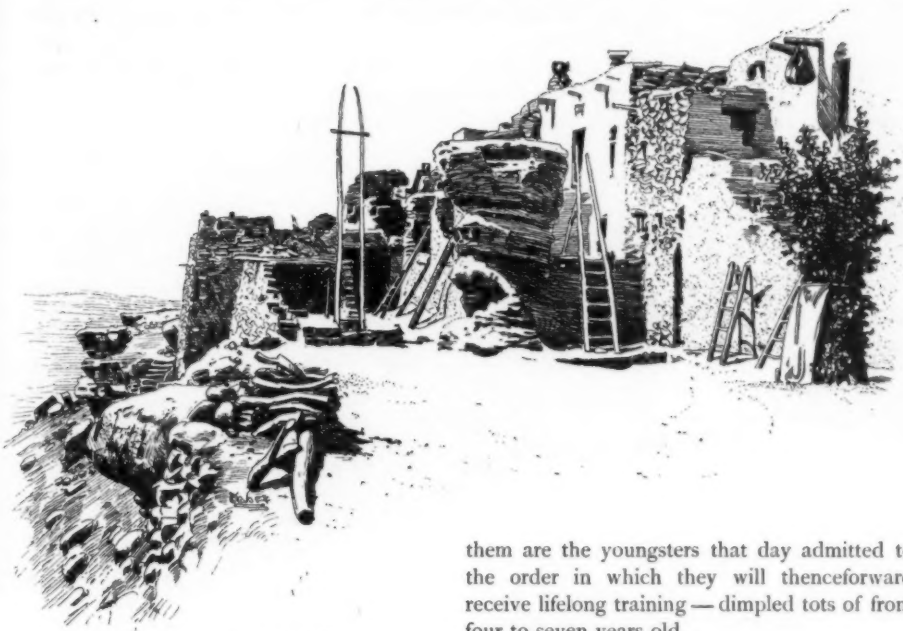
This snake-tending has died out in nearly—and now, perhaps, in quite—all the New Mexican pueblos; but the curious trait still survives in the towns of Moqui. Every second year, when the August moon reaches a certain stage (in 1891 it occurred on the 21st), the wonderful ceremony of the snake-dance is performed; and the few white men who have witnessed these weird rites will never forget them.

For sixteen days beforehand the professional "Snake-men" have been in solemn preparation for the great event, sitting in their sacred rooms, which are carved in the solid rock. For many days before the dance (as before nearly all such ceremonies with the Pueblos) no food must pass their lips, and they can drink only a bitter "tea," called *máh-gue-be*, made from a secret herb which gives them security against snake-poison. They also rub their bodies with prepared herbs.

Six days before the date of the dance the Snake-men go down the mesa into the plain and hunt eastward for rattlesnakes. Upon finding one, the hunter tickles the angry reptile with the "snake-whip"—a sacred bunch of eagle feathers—until it tries to run. Then he snatches it up and puts it into a bag. On the next day the hunt is to the north; the third day to the west; the fourth day to the south—which is, you must know, the only possible order in which a Pueblo dares to "box the compass." To start first south or north would be a dreadful impiety in his eyes. The captured snakes are then kept in the *kibva* (sacred room), where they crawl about in dangerous freedom among the solemn deliberators. The night before the dance the snakes are all cleansed with great solemnity at an altar which the Snake-captain has made of colored sands drawn in a strange design.

The place where the dance is held is a small open court, with the three-story houses crowding it on the west, and the brink of the cliff bounding it on the east. Several sacred rooms, hollowed from the rock, are along this court, and the tall ladders which lead into them are visible in the picture. At the south end of the court stands the sacred Dance-rock—a natural pillar, about fourteen feet high, left by water wearing upon the rock floor of the mesa's top. Midway from this to the north end of the court has been constructed the *keé-sí*, or sacred booth of cottonwood branches, its opening closed by a curtain. Just in front of this a shallow cavity has been dug, and then covered with a strong and ancient plank with a hole in one side. This covered cavity represents *Shi-pa-pú*, the Great Black Lake of Tears,—a name so sacred that

* The Tee-wahn name is imitative, resembling the rattling. The Moquis call the rattlesnake *chú-ah*. † Hill of the wind.



THE DANCE-COURT AND THE DANCE-ROCK.

few Indians will speak it aloud,—whence, according to the common belief of all southwestern Indians, the human race first came.

On the day of the dance the Captain of the Snake-men places all the snakes in a large bag, and deposits this in the booth. All the other active participants are still in their room, going through their mysterious preparations. Just before sunset is the invariable time for the dance.

Long before the hour, the housetops and the edges of the court are lined with an expectant throng of spectators: the earnest Moquis, a goodly representation of the Navajos, whose reservation lies just east, and a few white men. At about half-past five in the afternoon the twenty men of the Antelope Order emerge from their own special room in single file, march thrice around the court, and go through certain sacred ceremonies in front of the booth. Here their captain sprinkles them with a consecrated fluid from the tip of an eagle feather. For a few moments they dance and shake their *guajes* (ceremonial rattles made of gourds) in front of the booth; and then they are ranged beside it, with their backs against the wall of the houses. Among

them are the youngsters that day admitted to the order in which they will thenceforward receive lifelong training — dimpled tots of from four to seven years old.

Now all is ready; and in a moment a buzz in the crowd announces the coming of the seventeen priests of the Snake Order through the roofed alley just south of the Dance-rock. These seventeen enter the court in single file at a rapid gait, and make the circuit of the court four times, stamping hard with the right foot upon the sacred plank that covers Shi-pa-pú as they pass in front of the booth. This is to let the *Cachinas* (spirits, or divinities) know that the dancers are now presenting their prayers.

When the Captain of the Snake Order reaches the booth, on the fourth circuit, the procession halts. The captain kneels in front of the booth, thrusts his right arm behind the curtain, unties the sack, and in a moment draws out a huge, squirming rattlesnake. This he holds with his teeth about six inches back of the ugly triangular head, and then he rises erect. The Captain of the Antelope Order steps forward and puts his left arm around the Snake-captain's neck, while with the snake-whip in his right hand he "smooths" the writhing reptile. The two start forward in the peculiar hippety-hop, hop, hippety-hop of all Pueblo dances; the next Snake-priest draws forth a snake from the booth, and is joined



HUALPI—A MOQUI VILLAGE.

by the next Antelope-man as a partner; and so on, until each of the Snake-men is dancing with a deadly snake in his mouth, and an equal number of Antelope-men are accompanying them.

The dancers hop in pairs thus from the booth to the Dance-rock, thence north, and circle toward the booth again. When they reach a certain point, which completes about three quarters of the circle, each Snake-man gives his head a sharp snap to the right, and thereby throws his snake to the rock floor of the court, inside the ring of dancers, and dances on to the booth again, to extract a fresh snake and make another round.

There are three more Antelope-men than Snake-men, and these three have no partners in the dance, and are intrusted with the duty of gathering up the snakes thus set free and putting them back into the booth. The snakes sometimes run to the crowd—a ticklish affair for those jammed upon the brink of the precipice. In case they run, the three official gatherers snatch them up without ado; but if they coil and show fight, these Antelope-men tickle them with the snake-whips until they uncoil and try to glide away, and then seize them with the

rapidity of lightning. Frequently these gatherers have five or six snakes in their hands at once. The reptiles are as deadly as ever—not one has had its fangs extracted!

In the 1891 dance, over one hundred snakes were used. Of these about sixty-five were rattlesnakes. I stood within six feet of the circle; and one man (a dancer) who came close to me was bitten. The snake which he held in his mouth suddenly turned and struck him upon the right cheek. His Antelope companion threw the snake upon the ground; and the pair continued the dance as if nothing had happened! Another man a little farther from me, but plainly seen, was bitten on the hand.

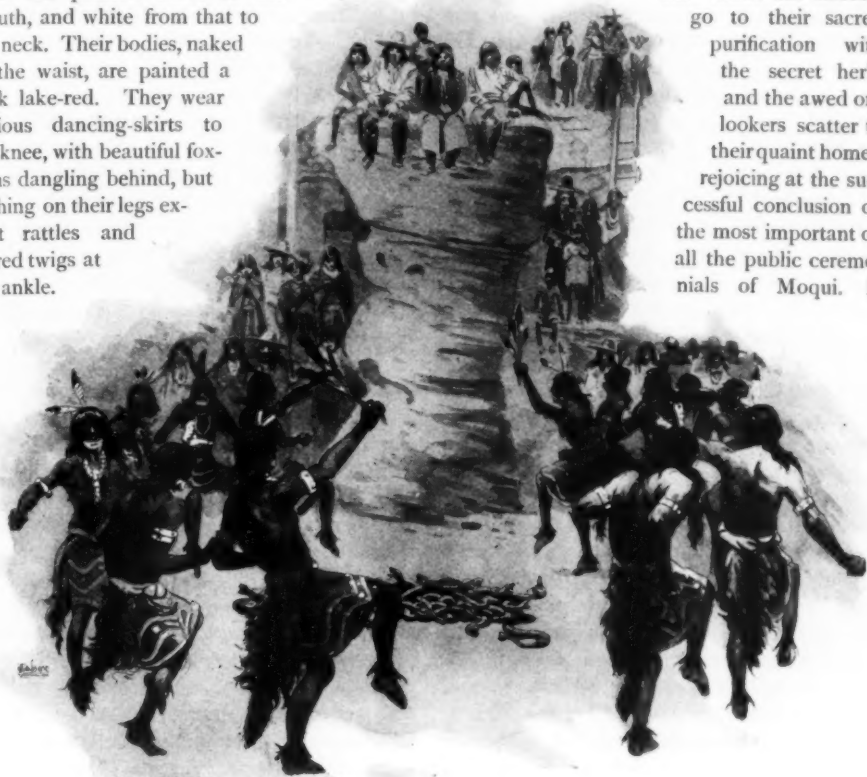
I never knew one of them to be seriously affected by a rattlesnake's bite. They pay no attention to the (to others) deadly stroke of that hideous mouth, which opens flat as a palm and smites exactly like one, but dance and sing in earnest unconcern. There is in existence one photograph which clearly shows the dancers with the snakes—and only one. Beginning so late, and in the deep shadow of the tall houses, it is almost impossible for the dance to be photographed at all; but one year a lucky reflector

of white cloud came up and threw a light into that dark corner, and Mr. Wittick got the only perfect picture extant of the snake-dance. I have made pictures which do show the snakes; but they are not handsome pictures of the dance. The make-up of the dancers makes photography still harder. The faces are painted black to the mouth, and white from that to the neck. Their bodies, naked to the waist, are painted a dark lake-red. They wear curious dancing-skirts to the knee, with beautiful fox-skins dangling behind, but nothing on their legs except rattles and sacred twigs at the ankle.

Reaching the bottom of the great mesa, Hu-alpi, where the chief snake-dance is held, six hundred and sixty feet above the plain, they release the unharmed serpents.

These astounding rites last from half an hour to an hour, and end only when the hot sun has fallen behind the bald western desert.

Then the dancers go to their sacred purification with the secret herb, and the awed on-lookers scatter to their quaint homes, rejoicing at the successful conclusion of the most important of all the public ceremonies of Moqui. It



THE MOQUI INDIAN SNAKE-DANCE.

At last all rush together at the foot of the Dance-rock and throw all their snakes into a horrid heap of threatening heads and buzzing tails. I have seen that hillock of rattlesnakes a foot high and four feet across. For a moment the dancers leap about the writhing pile, while the sacred corn-meal is sprinkled. Then they thrust each an arm into that squirming mass, grasp a number of snakes, and go running at top speed to the four points of the compass.

would take too long to tell the supposed meaning of the dance.

It is interesting to notice that

THE NAVAJO INDIANS,

who are the nearest neighbors of the Moquis, have superstitions widely different though quite as benighted. They will not touch a snake under any circumstances. So extreme are their prejudices that one of their skilled silversmiths

was beaten nearly to death by his fellows for making me a silver bracelet which represented a rattlesnake, and the obnoxious emblem was promptly destroyed by the raiders,—along with the offender's hut.

Living almost wholly upon game as they do, the Navajos cannot be prevailed upon to taste either fish or rabbit. I have known some very ludicrous things to happen when meanly mischievous Americans deluded Navajos into eating either of these forbidden dishes; and sometimes there have been very serious retaliations for the ill-mannered joke. Rabbits are wonderfully numerous in the Navajo country, being molested only by feathered and four-footed enemies; but the Indian who would fight to the death sooner than touch a delicious rabbit-stew, is greedily fond of the fat and querulous prairie-dog. That whole region abounds in "dog-towns," and they are frequently besieged by their swarthy foes. A Navajo will stick a bit of mirror in the entrance of a burrow, and lie behind the little mound all day, if need be, to secure the coveted prize. When Mr. *Tusa* ventures from his bedroom, deep underground, he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door; and when he hurries out to confront this impudent intruder, whiz! goes a chalcidontipped arrow through him, pinning him to the ground so that he cannot tumble back into his home, as he has a wonderful faculty for doing even in death; or a dark hand darts from behind like lightning, seizes his chunky neck, safely beyond the reach of his chisel-shaped teeth, and breaks his spine with one swift snap.

But when the summer rains come, then is woe indeed to the populous communities of these ludicrous little rodents. As soon as the down-pour begins, every adjacent Navajo between the ages of three and ninety repairs to the *tusa* village. They bring rude hoes, sharpened sticks, and knives, and every one who is able to dig at all falls to work, unmindful of the drenching. In a very short time a lot of little trenches are dug, so as to lead the storm-water to the mouths of as many burrows as possible; and soon a little stream is pouring down each.

"Mercy!" says Mr. *Tusa* to his fat wife and dozen chubby youngsters; "I wish we could elect aldermen that would attend to the drain-

age of this town! It's a shame to have our cellars flooded like this!"—and out he pops to see what can be done. The only thing he can do is to swell the sad heap of his fellow-citizens, over which strange two-footed babies, far bigger than his, are shouting in wild glee. Such a rain-hunt often nets the Navajos many hundred pounds of prairie-dogs; and then there is feasting for many a day in the rude, cold *hogans*, or huts of sticks and dirt which are the only habitation of these Indians.

With the Pueblos, the mountain-lion or cougar is the king of beasts—following our civilized idea very closely; but with the Navajos the bear holds first rank. He is not only the greatest, wisest, and most powerful of brutes, but even surpasses man! The Navajo is a brave and skilled warrior, and would not fear the bear for its deadly teeth and claws, but of its supposed supernatural powers he is in mortal dread. I have offered a Navajo shepherd, who had accidentally discovered a bear's cave, twenty dollars to show it to me, or even to tell me in what cañon it lay; but he refused, in a manner and with words which showed that if I found the cave I would be in danger from more than the bear. The Indian was a very good friend of mine, too; but he was sure that if he were even the indirect cause of any harm to the bear, the bear would know it and kill him and all his family! So even my princely offer was no inducement to a man who was working hard for five dollars a month.

There is only one case in which the Navajos will meddle with a bear. That is when he has killed a Navajo, and the Indians know exactly which bear was the murderer. Then a strong, armed party, headed by the proper religious officers (medicine-men), proceed to the cave of the bear. Halting a short distance in front of the den, they go through a strange service of apology, which to us would seem entirely ludicrous, but to them is unutterably solemn. The praises of the bear, commander of beasts, are loudly sung, and his pardon is humbly invoked for the unpleasant deed to which they are now driven! Having duly apologized beforehand, they proceed as best they may to kill the bear, and then go home to fast and purify themselves. This aboriginal greeting: "I beg

your pardon, and hope you will bear no resentment against me, but I have come to kill you," is quite as funny as the old farmer I used to know in New Hampshire, who was none too polite to his wife, but always addressed his oxen thus: "Now, if you please, whoa hish, Bary! Also Bonny! There! Thank you!"

Under no circumstances will a Navajo touch even the skin of a bear. The equally dangerous mountain-lion he hunts eagerly, and its beautiful, tawny hide is his proudest trophy outside of war, and the costliest material for his quivers, bow-cases, and rifle-sheaths. Nor will he touch a coyote.

A Navajo will never enter a house in which death has been; and his wild domain is full of huts abandoned forever. Nor after he is married dare he ever see his wife's mother; and if by any evil chance he happens to catch a glimpse of her, it takes a vast amount of fasting and prayer before he feels secure from dangerous results. The grayest and most dignified chief is not above walking backward, running like a scared boy, or hiding his head in his blanket, to avoid the dreaded sight.

Feathers figure very prominently in the religious customs of most aborigines, and remarkably so in the Southwest. Among Navajos and Pueblos alike these plume-symbols are of the utmost efficacy for good or bad. They are part of almost every ceremonial of the infinite superstitions of these tribes. Any white or bright-hued plume is of good omen—"good medicine," as the Indian would put it. The gay feathers of the parrot are particularly valuable, and some dances cannot be held without them, though the Indians have to travel hundreds of miles into Mexico to get them. A peacock is harder to keep in the vicinity of Indians than the finest horse—those brilliant plumes are too tempting.

Eagle feathers are of sovereign value; and in most of the pueblos great, dark, captive eagles are kept to furnish the coveted articles for most important occasions. If the bird of freedom were suddenly exterminated now, the whole Indian economy would come to a standstill. No witches could be exorcised, nor sickness cured, nor much of anything else accomplished.

Dark feathers, and those in particular of the owl, buzzard, woodpecker, and raven, are unspeakably accursed. No one will touch them except those who "have the evil road,"—that is, are witches,—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially tried and officially put to death! Such feathers are used only in secret by those who wish to kill or harm an enemy, in whose path they are laid with wicked wishes that ill-fortune may follow.

How many of my young countrymen who have read of the "prayer-wheels" of Burmah, and the paper prayers of the Chinese, know that there is a mechanical prayer used by thousands of people in the United States? The Pueblo "prayer-stick" is quite as curious a device as those of the heathen Orient; and the feather is the chief part of it.

Prowling in sheltered ravines about any Pueblo town, the curiosity-seeker will find, stuck in the ground, carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers (generally white) bound at the top.

Each of these sticks is a prayer—and none the less earnest and sincere because so misguided. Around the remote pueblo of Zuñi I have counted over three thousand of these strange invocations in one day's ramble; but never a tithe as many by any other pueblo.

According to the nature of the prayer, the stick, the feathers, and the manner of tying them vary. The Indian who has a favor to ask of the Trues prepares his feather-prayer with great solemnity and secrecy, takes it to a proper spot, prays to all those above, and plants the prayer-stick that it may continue his petition after he has gone home.

This use of the feather is also shared by the Navajos; and so is what may be called the smoke-prayer, in which the smoke of the sacred cigarette is blown east, north, west, south, up and down, to scare away the evil spirits and please the good ones.

The Navajos weave the finest and most durable blankets in the world. Civilized looms turn out no such iron-like weaving as these barbarians make with no better loom than two straight sticks hung from the limb of a tree by

ropes, and connected by the cords of the woof. Their brilliant colors and barbaric patterns, as well as the close texture which enables them to hold water perfectly, or to stand use as a carpet on an earth floor for fifty years, render them very valuable. I have in my collection Navajo blankets upon each of which the weaver worked thirteen solid months. One weighs twelve pounds; and every red thread was raveled from an imported Turkish serge which cost the Indian six dollars a pound.

These *bollets* blankets, however, are no more made now, and are seldom seen, for the fine Germantown yarns make a blanket which sells more readily at far less, though not nearly so durable.

In a corner of the Navajo country, too, is another curiosity of which few Americans are aware—a catacomb of genuine mummies! This is in the grim Cañon de Tsáy-ee,—ignorantly called “du Chelle,”—which is lined along the ledges of its dizzy cliffs with the prehistoric houses of the so-called Cliff-dwellers. These were not an unknown race at all, but our own Pueblo Indians of the old days when defense

against savage neighbors was the first object in life.

These stone houses, clinging far up the gloomy precipice, were inaccessible enough at best, and are doubly so now that their ladders have crumbled to dust. In them are many strange relics of prehistoric times, and in some the embalmed bodies of their long-forgotten occupants. There is a still larger “deposit,” so to speak, of American mummies in the wildly picturesque San Juan country, in the extreme northwestern corner of New Mexico and adjacent parts of Colorado. They are in similar cliff-built ruins, and belong to the same strange race. So we have one of Egypt’s famous wonders here at home.

The largest Indian tribes of the Colorado desert have from time immemorial cremated their dead on funeral pyres, after the fashion of the classic ancients and of modern India. All the property of the deceased is burned in the same flames, and the mourners add their own treasures to the pile. So property does not accumulate among the Mojaves, and there is no contesting of wills.

(To be continued.)



PUEBLO PRAYER-STICKS.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



We went for a promenade today,
My Dolly and I together ;
The sun came out and, I'm sorry to say,
We were April-fooled by the weather ;
For while we walked to the end of the lane
The clouds were quietly slipping
Over the sky, and they poured the rain
Until we were cold and dripping.



Mama was ready to change my clothes
And set poor Dolly a-drying ;
But the drops ran down her cheeks and nose
Till it seemed as if she were crying ;
And her feet were wet, and her hair was down
And blown in every direction ;
And it nearly ruined her nicest gown
And her delicate wax complexion .

TOM PAULDING.

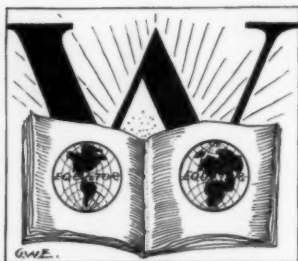
(*A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.*)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER X.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.



WITHIN forty-eight hours after Mr. Richard Rapallo's arrival at Mrs. Paulding's house, he had made himself quite at home there. He took

his place in the family circle easily and unobtrusively, and before he had been in the house more than a week, Pauline found herself wondering how they had ever got on without Uncle Dick; Tom recognized in his uncle the wise friend for whom he had been longing of late; Mrs. Paulding was very glad to have her brother with her again; and even the Careful Katie was pleased.

"It's a sight for sore eyes," she said, "to see Mrs. Paulding so cheerful! And Mr. Richard was always a lively boy and kept the pot a-boilin'."

In the Careful Katie Uncle Dick took amused interest. Her willingness to enter now and then into the talk at the dinner-table afforded him unending entertainment. He usually called her the "Brilliant Conversationalist"; and as he knew that this was a nickname she would not understand, he did not hesitate to allude to the Brilliant Conversationalist even when Katie was actually present.

He delighted in drawing her out and in getting at the strange superstitions in which she believed, for they came up in the most unexpected ways. He would set Pauline to lead her on about signs and warnings. Having been

told that the dropping of a knife meant the coming of a "beau" or of "some other gentleman," and that the dropping of a fork indicated the visit of a lady, he was greatly puzzled to know what the dropping of a spoon could portend. Pauline agreed to find out for him.

Pauline and her uncle were great friends. He had become interested in her and in her doings at once, and he had the art of seeing things as she did. In time she wholly forgot that there was a great difference of years between them, and she came to talk with her uncle as with a comrade of her own age.

She reported that the fall of a spoon foretold that "it" was coming—"it" being something vague, unknown, impossible to predict with precision.

"I see," said Uncle Dick, when Polly told him this. "I see it all now. The scheme is as simple and as logical as one could wish. The knife indicates that the coming visitor is masculine, while the fork is the feminine of this prediction, and the spoon is the neuter."

"So it is!" Polly declared with surprise. "It's just like the grammar, then, is n't it? And I think grammar is horrid!"

"There is n't much English grammar left nowadays," Uncle Dick returned. "We have shaken off most of the unnecessary distinctions of more complicated languages. In French, now, the sun is masculine, while in German it is feminine."

"Then, if I was a French-and-German girl I should n't know whether the sun was a man or a woman?" asked Polly. "I think that would be terrible!"

"It would be terrible indeed," Uncle Dick answered gravely; "but perhaps the sun would still shine, even if you did n't know its gender."

"Grammar's bad enough," continued the little girl, "but sometimes I think joggraphy's worse."

"Oh, it's joggraphy still, is it?" asked her

uncle. "It used to be when I was a boy at school."

"Of course it's joggraphy," she returned in surprise. "What could it be?"

"I did n't know," Uncle Dick responded. "I thought that perhaps it might now be geography."

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" said Polly, blushing, "I think it's real mean of you to catch me like that." Then, after a little pause, she added, "We do say joggraphy, I know—that is, we generally shorten it to jog. We shorten everything we can. We say Am. hist. for American history, and comp. for compositions, and rith. for arithmetic."

"I suppose that you have to condense a great deal," Uncle Dick remarked gravely, "because you have so little time before you."

Pauline did not see the irony of this. She went on gaily. "I don't like jog. any more; we are in Africa now—"

"I should n't have thought it, from the weather here," Uncle Dick interrupted, glancing at the

"And I don't like it at all. It's all so hard and so—so dry."

"I've found Africa very dry myself," admitted her uncle.

"Have you been there?" she asked. Then she added hastily, "Why, of course you have. You were at the diamond-fields. Now, is n't that funny? I read about the diamond-fields in my jog, and it never struck me that they were real places, you know, where real people might be, as you were."

Uncle Dick laughed a little. "I can understand that," he remarked. "They were simply a name on the map—simply something that you had to study out of a book—not something interesting, and alive, where there are men and women and children. Well, I'll try and make you take a little more interest in that name on the map."

Then he lifted her on his knee and told her about the diamond-fields. He described the country thereabouts and the difficulties of the journey there. He explained how the mines were worked, and he showed her that the laborers there were human beings with good qualities and bad qualities of their own. He set before her in a few graphic words the different nationalities that are to be found in South Africa—the English colonists, the Dutch settlers, and the native Africans.

When he had come to an end of his description, Pauline kissed him and said, "Uncle, I shall never hate jog. again. I had no idea it was so interesting. And besides, when we have a review now, I shall know ever so much more than any of the other girls. I shall surprise them so!"

Uncle Dick smiled again. "I've had that feeling myself," he confessed. "When I went back

window, through which he could see the falling flakes of the first snow-storm of the winter.

"I mean we are in Africa in our jog," she explained.

"I see," he answered sedately.

to school after I'd been on a voyage, geography was my favorite lesson, because I'd seen so many of the places. I remember to this day how conceited I was when I told them all that it was n't necessary to go around Cape



UNCLE DICK TELLS POLLY ABOUT THE DIAMOND-FIELDS.

Horn if you could get into the Strait of Lemaire."

"I 'll remember that, too," Polly declared promptly.

"As long as we were at work on South America," continued Uncle Dick, "I was all right. I 'd been around it, and I thought I knew all about it; and of course I had seen more than any of the others. But pride had a fall at last, and conceit got knocked on the head as soon as we finished America and began on Europe."

"Had n't you been to Europe?" she inquired.

"Not then; I did n't cross the Atlantic until '67, at the time of the Paris Exposition. And as I knew, or thought I knew, all about South America, I 'd got into the habit of not studying my geography lesson. There were times when I did n't even open the book. So one day,—I can remember now how the school looked when the teacher asked me the question,—it was late in June, and we were all restless. I think the teacher saw this and wished to make it as easy for us as she could, so she called on me. She had found out that I liked to talk, and that the other boys liked to hear me because I used to bring in words and phrases I 'd picked up from the sailor-men during our long voyage. So she called, 'Rapallo,' and I stood up. And she asked, 'Which way does the Nile flow?' Now, I did n't know anything at all about the Nile or about Africa, and I was at a loss. I hesitated, and I tried to remember how the Nile looked on the map. But I had n't really studied the map, and I could n't remember anything at all. So I did n't know what to say. I stood there foolishly, thinking as hard as I could. Then I tried to get out of it by luck or else by sheer guessing. So when she repeated the question, 'What is the course of the Nile?' I answered boldly, 'Southwest by south.' And you should have heard how the boys laughed! The teacher had to join in too."

And Uncle Dick himself laughed heartily at the recollection of his blunder.

Pauline smiled, a little doubtfully.

"I think I 'll go out and get a taste of that snow-storm," said her uncle, rising. "It is the first I 've seen in three years."

As soon as Uncle Dick had left the house, Pauline went to her own room and got down her

geography and turned to the map of Africa. She wished to make sure of her own knowledge as to the course of the Nile, so that she could enjoy her uncle's blunder.

CHAPTER XI.

SANTA CLAUS BRINGS A SUGGESTION.



HE snow-storm kept up all night, and in the morning there was no denying that winter had come at last. The steep slopes of the Riverside Park were covered three inches deep. The

boys got out their sleds and began to coast. A sharp frost followed the snow-storm and froze the water out of the snow, so that it was too dry to make into balls.

Before the Christmas vacation began, the aspect of the landscape had undergone its winter change. The skies were dull and gray, though the frosty sunset glowed ruddy over the Jersey hills. Ice began to form in the river; the night-boats had ceased running weeks before; and now the long tows of canal-boats were seen no more. Even the heavy freight-boats and the impudent little tugs became infrequent, as if they feared to be caught in the ice. The long freight-trains stood still on the tracks of the railroad down by the water's edge, or moved slowly past as the powerful locomotives puffed their white steam into the clear cold air.

Uncle Dick was in and out of the house in the most irregular way. Generally he went out early in the morning, and sometimes he did not return till late at night. Mrs. Paulding never delayed dinner in the hope of his coming back in time for it. He had told her not to expect him until she saw him.

"I 've many things to do," he explained, "and I 've many people to see, and sometimes I have to catch them on the jump, when I get the chance."

Just what his business was he never explained. He did not tell any one in the house whether or not he had succeeded in securing the situation

for which he had applied to Joshua Hoffman. Pauline was very curious, and she wanted to ask her uncle about this; but she thought it would not be polite. She was always glad when Uncle Dick "took an afternoon off," as he phrased it, for then he was likely to spend a good part of it talking to her.

Tom had been busy with the examinations at school and with the preparations for Christmas at home, so that it was not until the vacation began that he found an opportunity to consult his uncle about the lost guineas.

On the afternoon before Christmas, Tom went out to give an order for the supplies his mother needed to meet an unexpected demand for several kinds of cake which a tardy customer of the Woman's Exchange had called for. Having

gentlemen got out, and the carriage drove around the corner to the stable. One of these gentlemen was tall, thin, white-haired, and evidently very old, although he still carried himself erect. The other was Tom's Uncle Dick.

The old gentleman apparently asked Mr. Rapallo to enter the house, and Uncle Dick declined, shaking hands and bidding good-by. The elderly man went up the few steps which took him inside his own grounds; then he paused and called Mr. Rapallo back. Leaning over the low stone wall which surrounded his lawn, the old gentleman had a brief talk with Uncle Dick—a talk which ended a little before Tom came opposite to them.

Then the elderly man again shook hands with Mr. Rapallo and went into the house.

As Uncle Dick turned he caught sight of Tom Paulding.

"Hullo, youngster!" he cried across the road. "Don't you want to go for a walk?"

It seemed as if Uncle Dick could never have enough walking. Tom thought sometimes that his uncle took long tramps just to humor his restlessness—to "let off steam," as Tom expressed it.

Mr. Rapallo crossed the road and joined Tom. "Where shall we go?" he asked.

"Are you in a hurry?" Tom inquired.

"I'm never in a hurry," he answered.

"I mean, have you time for a long talk with me?" was Tom's next question.

"Of course I have,"

he replied. "We've all the time there is."

"Then I'll take you up and show you the place where my great-grandfather was robbed," said Tom, as they dropped into the steady pace at which Mr. Rapallo always walked. "I've



MR. JOSHUA HOFFMAN HAS A TALK WITH UNCLE DICK.

done his errand, he turned into the Riverside Park and began to walk along the parapet.

When he came near the handsome house which Mr. Joshua Hoffman had recently built, he saw a carriage stop before the door. Two

been wanting to tell you all about it and to get your advice."

"Advice is inexpensive," laughed his uncle; "there is n't anything I can afford to give more freely. But I'm afraid you'll not find it a very substantial Christmas present."

"You see, Uncle," Tom pursued eagerly, "I've worked on this now till I've done all I can. I've got to the end of my rope, and I thought that you could help me, out with your experience."

"I've had plenty of experience, too," returned Uncle Dick. "If experience was an available stock in trade, I could fit up a store and sell off my surplus supply. I've more than I need for my own use. I've been pretty nearly everywhere, and I've seen all sorts of things, and

"I'm richer than anybody I ever met," Uncle Dick declared seriously.

Tom looked at him in surprise.

"I don't mean in mere money," he went on. "Money is only one of the standards by which you measure riches—and it is n't a very good one, either. I'm rich because I have all I want. I've met wealthy men in all parts of the world—in New York and in New Zealand, among the Eskimos and among the Arabs; they had different ideas of wealth, of course, but they were all alike in one thing—they all wanted more. I've never met a very wealthy man who did n't want more than he had. Now, I don't. I'm content. And that's 'the best gift of heaven to man'—contentment. It takes few things to give it. Health, first, of course;



"CORKSCREW" TELLS UNCLE DICK AND TOM OF THE DISCOVERY BY THE AQUEDUCT LABORERS.

I've met all sorts of people, and—I've nothing to show for it now but experience."

"Your not having money does n't make you miserable, anyway," said Tom.

then freedom; then food and clothing; after that, a roof over one's head and a fire if it is cold. I've been in places where clothing and fire and shelter were not needed, and where

the food grew wild for the picking. In those places a man can get the essentials of life very easily. But however he may get them, the main thing is to be content with little. After all, I believe contentment is a habit. So I advise you to get accustomed to being content as soon as you can. Then you will never long to change places with a wealthy man. With most of them, the more they have the more they want. I was talking just now with a very wealthy man —"

"The Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall?" Tom inquired.

"The Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall," his uncle assented. "He has money, houses, lands, mines, ships; but though he is old and has now earned his rest, and though the care of all these things wears on him, still he wants more. He is a good man, too,—one of the best men in the world to-day,—and probably he wishes for more money only that he may do more good with it. But he does wish for it, all the same."

"I 'm afraid I 'm not so content as you, Uncle Dick," said Tom. "I want more than I have. You know mother is troubled about that mortgage, and I 'd like to go to the School of Mines, and I think Pauline ought to have a chance, too; so that 's why I 'm trying to find the gold which was stolen from my great-grandfather."

"It 's a boy's habit to be hopeful and striving," Uncle Dick replied. "I should not wish you to look at the world with my eyes yet a while. But even when you are trying for what you think would better you—even then you can be content with what you actually have. Now tell me all about this gold which vanished suddenly and was seen no more."

Tom began at the beginning and told Uncle Dick the whole story. He took Mr. Rapallo over the ground, and showed the exact position of the two armies on the night of the robbery. He had in his pocket the map Nicholas Paulding had roughly outlined. With the aid of this he traced for Uncle Dick the course of the little stream which had separated the hostile camps the night before the battle, and he pointed out the stepping-stones by means of which a passage might have been had from one bank to

the other. He gave Mr. Rapallo all the information he had been able to extract from the papers gathered by Wyllys Paulding. He explained all the circumstances of Jeffrey Kerr's taking the bags containing the two thousand guineas, and of his escape with them. He dwelt on the fact that after the second sentinel had fired on Kerr, the thief had never been seen again, so far as anybody knew.

"In other words," said Uncle Dick, "this man Kerr took the money, ran outside our lines, and then vanished."

"That 's it exactly," Tom replied.

"And when he vanished, the gold disappeared too," Mr. Rapallo continued. "You are right in calling this a puzzle. It is a puzzle of the most puzzling kind."

"And there is one question which puzzles me quite as much as the fate of the thief or the disappearance of the gold," Tom declared; "and that 's why it was that my grandfather suddenly gave up the search."

"That is odd," Uncle Dick confessed; "very odd, indeed. It will bear a good deal of thinking over."

"And I want you to help me, Uncle Dick," pleaded Tom.

"Of course I will," replied Mr. Rapallo heartily. "I 'll do what I can—that is, if I can do anything. Have you told any of the boys here about this?"

"They know I 'm going to try to find it," Tom replied, "but that 's all they do know. I thought at first of consulting Harry Zachary,—he has such good ideas. He 's just been reading a book called the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' and he wants us to make a big volcano for the Fourth of July and have an eruption of Vesuvius after it gets dark, and then by the light of the burning mountain two of us will fight a duel with stiletos—that 's a kind of Italian bowie-knife, is n't it?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Dick, smiling. "I think that is a good scheme. This young friend of yours seems to have excellent ideas, as you say. Why did n't you consult him?"

"Well," Tom answered, "his head 's all right, but he is n't very strong, and he gets scared easily. Besides, his father thinks he 's delicate, and he won't always let him out. His father 's

a tailor—that is, he manufactures clothes. Harry says he has more than a hundred hands."

"Quite a Briareus," said Mr. Rapallo. "And is he the only one you could take into confidence?"

"Oh, no," Tom responded; "there 's Cissy Smith."

"I don't think I would advise you to consult a girl," said his uncle.

"Cissy is n't a girl," Tom explained. "'Cissy' is simply short for Cicero. His full name is Marcus Cicero Smith, Junior."

"Then I think I must know his father," Mr. Rapallo declared; "that is, if he 's a doctor, and if he used to live in Denver."

"He did," said Tom.

"And why did n't you consult him?" asked his uncle.

"Well," Tom explained a little hesitatingly, "I don't know that I can tell, for sure. I like Cissy. He 's my best friend. But he 's so sharp, and he sits down on one so hard. And besides I thought I 'd rather do all the work myself."

They were then walking along the upper terrace of Morningside Park.

Mr. Rapallo glanced down into the park below and said, "Is n't that boy making signals to you?"

Tom leaned over and caught sight of Corkscrew Lott, who was waving his hands as if signaling.

As Tom came to the edge of the parapet, Lott whistled:



Tom promptly answered:



"That sounds like a rallying-call," said Mr. Rapallo, smiling.

"We've got a secret society, called the Black Band, and that 's our signal," Tom explained.

They walked a little way down toward Lott, and stood still until he came up. Then Tom presented him to Mr. Rapallo.

Lott hardly waited for this introduction, he was so anxious to communicate his intelligence.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked, twisting with impatience.

"What news?" Tom returned.

"Then you have n't heard it," Lott went on gleefully. "It was found only this forenoon, and I was almost the first to see it."

"What was found?" asked Tom, with a sudden chill as he feared that possibly some one else had discovered the treasure he was after.

"It 's the skeleton of a soldier who was killed during the Revolutionary War," Lott explained.

Uncle Dick and Tom looked at each other with the same thought in their minds.

"Where was this discovered?" Mr. Rapallo asked.

"Over there," Corkscrew answered, pointing toward the Hudson River behind them. "The men at work there on the new aqueduct, dug up the bones. It was the skeleton of a British soldier."

"A British soldier?" echoed Mr. Rapallo. "How do you know that?"

"Oh, everybody says so," Lott answered. "Besides, they found things with him that prove it."

"Did they find any money?" cried Tom anxiously.

"Did n't they though?" Corkscrew replied.

Again Tom and Uncle Dick exchanged glances and their faces fell.

"Do you know how much they found?" inquired Mr. Rapallo.

"Of course I do," Corkscrew answered. "I went up at once, and I asked all about it, and I've seen all the money. There are two silver shillings and a silver sixpence and a copper penny—a great big one with the head of George the Second on it."

"Is that all?" Tom demanded.

"Is n't that enough?" Lott returned. "How much do you think a British soldier ought to have had?"

Tom drew a breath of relief. "If that is all," he began—

"How do you know it was a British soldier?" Mr. Rapallo repeated. "An American soldier might have had two-and-six in silver and a penny in copper."

"The money was n't all that was found," Lott explained.

"I thought you said it was," Tom interrupted.

"I did n't say anything of the sort," Lott re-

plied. "I said that was all the money; but they found something else—the buttons of his uniform; and Dr. Smith, who has collected buttons—I'm going to begin a collection at once; I can get one from a 'sparrow' policeman, and I've a cousin in the fire department at Boston, and—"

"Never mind about the collection you are going to begin," said Mr. Rapallo; "tell us about these buttons now."

"Well," Lott returned, "Dr. Smith recognized them at once; he said that they were worn in 1776 by the Seventeenth Light Dragoons; and that they were one of the British regiments which took part in the Battle of Harlem Heights."

"And what did Dr. Smith say about the death of the poor fellow whose bones have been found?" asked Uncle Dick.

"He said it was easy to see how the man had been killed, and he took a big musket-ball out of the skull," said Lott. "He thinks that in the hurry of the fighting some of the other soldiers must have thrown a little earth hastily over the body, and left it where it fell; and so, in time, with the washing of the rain and the settling of the dust and the growing of the grass, somehow the skeleton got to be well under ground. Why, it was at least six feet down, where they dug it out."

"Are you sure that they did not find anything else with it?" Mr. Rapallo inquired.

"Certain sure!" said Corkscrew. "I asked every one of them all about it. Oh, that's all right: if there'd been anything else, I'd have found out all about it. Maybe the men are there still; you can go and ask them yourself, and I can show you exactly where the bones were."

Mr. Rapallo and Tom Paulding walked with Lott to the place where the men were yet at work sinking a deep ditch for one of the huge pipes of the new aqueduct. The laborers had advanced at least ten feet beyond the spot in which the skeleton had been discovered, but Corkscrew pointed out the place.

Uncle Dick asked the foreman a few questions, and then he and Tom started for home.

"I don't see how that can be the skeleton of your thief, Tom," said Mr. Rapallo, as they walked on after parting with Lott.

"I'm sure that Kerr could n't have got to

the place where those bones were found," Tom declared. "Kerr did n't reach the British camp, and that place is well inside their lines. Besides, he could n't have had on the uniform of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, you know; he was an assistant paymaster in our army. And then those two shillings, and that sixpence, and that penny—there was more than that in my great-grandfather's money-bags! No; this can't be the man we're after."

"Then you are no nearer the solution of your problem," said Uncle Dick. "I'm afraid it will take you a long while to work it out. I'd help you if I could, but I don't see how I can."

"It helps me just to have some one to talk to about it," Tom urged.

"Oh, you can talk to me till you are tired," Uncle Dick laughed. "The mystery of the thing fascinates me, and I shall be glad to talk about it. But you will have to do the hard thinking yourself. 'Be sure you're right—then go ahead!' That was a good motto for Davy Crockett, and it is n't a bad one for any other American."

"I wish I only knew which way to go," said Tom; "I'd go ahead with all my might."

"Put on your thinking-cap," remarked Mr. Rapallo, as they mounted the flight of steps leading from the street to the knoll on which stood Mrs. Paulding's house. "Sleep on it. To-morrow is Christmas, you know; perhaps in the morning you will find an idea in your stocking."

Generally Tom was a late sleeper, like most boys, and it was not easy to rouse him from his slumbers. But on Christmas morning, by some strange chance, he waked very early. Despite his utmost endeavor he could not go to sleep again. He lay there wide awake, and he recalled the events of the preceding day. Soon he began to turn over in his mind the circumstances connected with Jeffrey Kerr's mysterious disappearance.

Suddenly he sprang from his bed and lighted the gas. Without waiting to dress, he pulled out the box of papers and searched among them for a certain newspaper. When he had found this he read a marked paragraph with

almost feverish eagerness. Then he put the paper away again in the box, and dressed himself as rapidly as he could.

By the time he got down-stairs, creeping softly that he might not disturb his mother, it was just daybreak.

At the foot of the stairs he met the Careful Katie, who was just back from early mass.

"Holy Saints defend us!" she cried. "Is that the boy, or his banshee?"

"Merry Christmas, Katie!" he said, as he put on his overcoat.

"An' is it goin' out ye are?" she asked in astonishment. "For why? Ye can't buy no more Christmas presents—the stores is n't open, even them that ain't closed the day."

"I 've got to go out to see about something," he explained. "I shall be back in half an hour."

"It 'll bring no luck this goin' out in the

night, an' not to church either," said the Careful Katie, as she opened the door for him.

An hour or so later, when Mr. Richard Rapallo was dressing leisurely, there came a tap at his door.

"Who 's there?" he cried.

"Merry Christmas, Uncle Dick!" Tom answered. "You were right, and Santa Claus has given me a suggestion."

"What do you mean?" asked his uncle, opening the door.

"I have found an idea in my stocking," Tom explained; "or at least it came to me this morning early, and I 've been out to see about it. And I think I 've made a discovery."

"Produce your discovery!" Uncle Dick responded, noting the excitement in the boy's voice and the light in his eyes.

"I think I know what became of Jeffrey Kerr," said Tom; "and if I 'm right, then I know where the stolen gold is!"

(To be continued.)



THE FIRST ARITHMETIC LESSON.

NOVEMBER IN THE CAÑON.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE long season of fair autumn weather was drawing to a close. Everybody was tired of sunshine; there had been nearly six months of it, and the face of nature in southern Idaho was gray with dust. A dark morning or a cloudy sunset was welcome, even to the children, who were glad of the prospect of any new kind of weather.

But no rain came. The river had sunk so low in its bed it barely murmured on the rocks, like a sleeper disturbed in his dream. When the children were indoors, with windows shut and fire crackling, they could hear no sound of water; and this cessation of a voice inseparable from the life of the cañon added to the effect of waiting which belonged to these still fall days.

The talk of the men was of matters suited to the season. It was said the Chinamen's wood-drive had got lodged in Moor's Creek on its way to the river, there being so little water in the creek this year; and might not get down at all, which would be almost a total loss to the Chinamen. Charley Moy, the cook at the cañon, knew the boss Chinaman of the "drive," and said that he had had bad luck now two seasons running.

The river was the common carrier between the lumber-camps in the mountains and the consumers of wood in the towns and ranches below. Purchasers who lived on the river-bank were accustomed to stop their winter's supply of fire-wood as it floated by. It was taken account of and paid for when the owners of the drive came to look up their property.

Every year three drives came down the river. Goodwin's log-drive came first, at high water, early in the summer. The logs were from twelve to twenty feet long. Each one was marked with the letters M, H. These were the first two of Mr. Goodwin's initials, and were easily cut with an ax; the final initial, G, being

difficult to cut in this rude way, was omitted; but everybody knew that saw-logs marked M. H. belonged to Goodwin's drive. They looked like torpedo-boats as they came nosing along, with an ugly rolling motion, through the heavy current.

The men who followed this first drive were rather a picked lot for strength and endurance; but they made slow progress past the bend in the cañon. Here a swift current and an eddy together combined to create what is called a jam. The loggers were often seen up to their waists in water for hours, breaking up the jam, and working the logs out into the current. When the last one was off the men would get into their boat—a black, flat-bottomed boat, high at stem and stern like a whale-boat—and go whooping down in mid-current like a mob of school-boys upon some dangerous sort of lark. These brief voyages between the jams must have been the most exciting and agreeable part of log-driving.

After Goodwin's drive came the Frenchmen's cord-wood drive; and last of all, when the river was lowest, came the Chinamen's drive, making the best of what water was left.

There is a law of the United States which forbids that an alien shall cut timber on the public domain. A Chinaman, being an alien unmistakably, and doubly held as such in the West, cannot therefore cut the public timber for his own immediate profit or use; but he can take a contract to furnish it to a white dealer in wood, at a price contingent upon the safe delivery of the wood. But if the river should fail to bring it in time for sale, the cost of cutting and driving, for as far as he succeeds in getting it down, is a dead loss to the Chinese contractor, and the wood belongs to whoever may pick it out of the water when the first rise of the creek in spring carries it out.

The Chinese wood-drivers are singular, wild-looking beings. Often at twilight, when they camped on the shore below the house, the children would hover within sight of the curious group the men made around their fire—an

the water, no male or female of the white race could show anything in the way of costume to approach them.

The cloudy weather continued. The nights grew sharper, and the men said it was too



CHARLEY MOY'S ESTABLISHMENT.

economical bit of fire, sufficient merely to cook the supper of fish and rice.

All is silence before supper, in a camp of hungry, wet white men; but the Chinamen were always chattering. The children were amused to see them "doing" their hair like women—combing out the long, black, witchlocks in the light of the fire, and braiding them into pigtails, or twisting them into "Psyche knots." They wore several layers of shirts, and sleeveless vests, one over another, long waterproof boots drawn up over their knees, and always the most unfitting of hats perched on top of the coiled braids or above the Psyche knots. Altogether, take them wet or dry, on land or in

cold for rain; if a storm came now it would bring snow. There was snow already upon the mountains and the high pastures, for the deer were seeking feeding-grounds in the lower, warmer gulches, and the stock had been driven down from the summer range to winter in the valleys.

One afternoon an old man, a stranger, was seen coming down the gulch back of the house, followed by a pack-horse bearing a load. The gulch was now all yellow and brown, and the man's figure was conspicuous for the light, army-blue coat he wore—the overcoat of a private soldier. He "hitched" at the post near the kitchen door, and uncovering his load showed

two fat haunches of young venison which he had brought to sell.

No peddler of the olden time, unstrapping his pack in the lonely farm-house kitchen, could have been more welcome than this stranger with his wild merchandise, to the children of the camp. They stood around so as not to miss a word of the conversation, while Charley Moy entertained him with the remnants of the camp lunch. The old buckskin-colored horse seemed as much of a character as his master. Both his ears were cropped half-off, giving a sullen and pugilistic expression to his bony head. There was no more arch to his neck than to the handle of a hammer. His faded yellow coat was dry,

his master were caught out too late in the season, and the old horse had both his ears frozen.

The children were surprised, to learn that their new acquaintance was a neighbor, residing in a dugout in Cottonwood Gulch, only three miles away. They knew the place well, had picnicked there one summer day, and had played in the dugout. Had not Daisy, the pet fawn, when they had barred him out of the dugout because he filled up the whole place, jumped upon the roof and nearly stamped it in?—like Samson pulling down the pillars of the temple? But no one had been living there then. The old man said he used the dugout only in winter. It was his town house. In summer he and the old



THE RIVER.

matted, and dusty, as the hair of a tramp who sleeps in haymows. He followed his master, without bit or bridle, like a dog. In the course of conversation it appeared that the cropped ears were not scars of battle, nor marks of punishment, but the record of a journey when he and

horse took their freedom on the hills, hunting and prospecting for mineral—not so much in the expectation of a fortune as from love of the chances and risks of the life. Was it not lonely in Cottonwood Gulch when the snows came? the children asked. Sometimes it was lonely,

but he had good neighbors: the boys at Alexander's (the horse-ranch) were down from the summer range, and they came over to his place of an evening for a little game of cards, or he went over to their place. He would be very glad, however, of any old newspapers or novels that might be lying around camp; for he was short of reading-matter in the dugout.

There was always a pile of old periodicals and "picture-papers" on Charley Moy's ironing-table; he was proud to contribute his entire stock on hand to the evening company in the dugout. The visitor then modestly hinted that he was pretty tired of wild meat: had Charley such a thing as the rough end of a slab of bacon lying around, or a ham-bone, to spare? A little mite of lard would come handy, and if he could let him have about five pounds of flour, it would be an accommodation, and save a journey to town. These trifles he desired to pay for with his venison; but that was not permitted, under the circumstances.

Before taking his leave the old hunter persuaded Polly to take a little tour on his horse, up and down the poplar walk at a slow and courteous pace. Polly had been greatly interested in her new friend at a distance, but this was rather a formidable step toward intimacy. However, she allowed herself to be lifted upon the back of the old crop-eared barbarian, and with his master walking beside her she paced sedately up and down between the leafless poplars.

The old man's face was pale, notwithstanding the exposure of his life; the blood in his cheek no longer fired up at the touch of the sun. His blue coat and the yellow-gray light of the poplar walk gave an added pallor to his face. Polly was a pink beside him, perched aloft, in her white bonnet and ruffled pinafore.

The old sway-backed horse sulked along, refusing to "take any hand" in such a trifling performance. He must have felt the insult of Polly's babyish heels dangling against his weather-beaten ribs that were wont to be decorated with the pendent hoofs and horns of his master's vanquished game.

Relations between the family and their neighbor in the dugout continued to be friendly and mutually profitable. The old ex-soldier's

venison was better than could be purchased in town. Charley Moy saved the picture-papers for him, and seldom failed to find the half of a pie, a cup of cold coffee, or a dish of sweets for him to "discuss" on the bench by the kitchen door. Discovering that antlers were prized in camp, he brought his very best pair as a present, bearing them upon his shoulders, the furry skull of the deer against his own, back to back, so that in profile he was double-headed, man in front and deer behind.

But the young men of the camp were ambitious to kill their own venison. The first light dry snow had fallen, and deer-tracks were discovered on the trails leading to the river. A deer was seen by John Brown and Mr. Kane, standing on the beach on the further side, in a sort of cul-de-sac formed by the walls of the lava bluffs as they approached the shore. They fired at and wounded him, but he was not disabled from running. His only way of escape was by the river, in the face of the enemy's fire. He swam in a diagonal line down stream, and, assisted by the current, gained the shore at a point some distance below, which his pursuers were unable to reach in time to head him off.

They followed him over the hills as far and fast as legs and wind could carry them, but lost him finally, owing to the dog Cole's injudicious barking, when the policy of the men would have been to lie quiet and let the deer rest from his wound. By his track in the snow they saw that his left hind foot touched the ground only now and then. If Cole had pressed him less hard the deer would have lain down to ease his hurt, the wound would have stiffened and rendered it difficult for him to run, and so he might have met his end shortly, instead of getting away to die a slow and painful death.

They lost him, and were reproached for it, needlessly, by the women of the family. One Saturday morning, when Mr. Kane was busy in the office over his note-books, and Jack's mother was darning stockings by the fire, Jack came plunging in to say that John Brown was trying to head off a deer that was swimming down the river—and would Mr. Kane come with his rifle, quick?

Below the house a wire-rope suspension-bridge, for foot-passengers only, spanned the river at its narrowest point, from rock to rock of the steep shore. Mr. Kane looked out and saw John Brown running to and fro on this bridge, waving his arms, shouting, and firing stones at some object above the bridge, that was heading down stream. Mr. Kane could just see the small black spot upon the water which he knew was the deer's head. He seized his gun and ran down the shore path. Discouraged in his attempt to pass the bridge, the deer was making for the shore, when Mr. Kane began firing at him. A stranger now arrived upon the scene, breathless with running: he was the hunter who had started the game and chased it till it had taken to the river. The deer was struggling with the current in mid-stream, uncertain which way

to turn. Headed off from the bridge and from the nearest shore, he turned and swam slowly toward the opposite bank. The women on the hill were nearly crying, the hunt seemed so hopeless for the deer and so unfair: three men, two of them with guns, combined against him, and the current so swift and strong! It was Mr. Kane's bullet that ended it. It struck the deer as he lifted himself out of the water on the rocks across the river.

The venison was divided between the stranger who started the game and the men of the camp who cut off its flight and prevented its escape.

The women did not refuse to eat of it; but they continued to protest that the hunt "was not fair"; or, in the phrase of the country, that the deer "had no show at all."

THE COBBLER MAGICIAN.

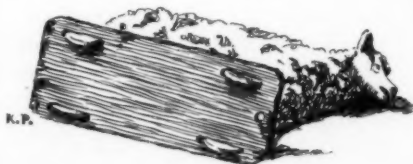
BY KATHARINE PYLE.



HIS is the cobbler, a curious toy;
Behind the glass he lives,
And he sticks out his tongue and rolls
his eyes
For every stitch he gives.

A mischievous cross-grained toy he is,
And he dearly loves to fright
And worry the toys, as he rolls his
eyes
Up almost out of sight.

And over the little tin lamb on wheels
A wicked spell he has cast;
When they try to draw it about the floor
It falls, and its wheels stick fast.



And the children think that the lamb's worn out;
They would find he went quite well,
If they sent the cobbler toy away,
And broke his magic spell.

THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN.

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

[*Began in the December number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT.

DOROTHY ran along until she thought she was quite safe, and then stopped to look back and listen. There was a confused sound of shouts and cries in the distance, but nothing seemed to be coming after her, so she walked quietly away through the wood.

"What a scene of turmoil it was!" she said to herself. (You see, she was trying to express herself in a very dignified and composed manner, as if she had n't been in the least disturbed by what had happened.) "I presume," she went on, "— I presume it was something like a riot, although I really don't see what it was all about. Of course I've never been in a riot, but if it's anything like *that*, I shall never have anything to do with one";—which certainly was a very wise resolution for a little girl to make; but as Dorothy was always making wise resolutions about things that were never going to happen, I really don't think that this particular one was a matter of any consequence.

She was so much pleased with these remarks that she was going on to say a number of very fine things, when she came suddenly upon the Caravan hiding behind a large tree. They were sitting in a little bunch on the grass, and, as Dorothy appeared, they all put on an appearance of great unconcern, and began staring up at the branches of the tree, as if they had n't seen her.

"They've certainly been doing something they're ashamed of," she said to herself; and just then the Admiral pretended to catch sight of her and said, with a patronizing air, "Ah! How d' ye do? How d' ye do?" as if they had n't met for quite a while.

"You know perfectly well how I do," replied Dorothy, speaking in a very dignified

manner, and not feeling at all pleased with this reception; and then noticing that Humphrey was nowhere to be seen, she said severely, "Where's your Camel?"

"Camels is no good," said the Admiral, evasively. "Leastwise *he* was n't."

"Why not?" said Dorothy. She said this very sternly, for she felt morally certain that the Admiral was trying to conceal something from her.

"Well, you see," said the Admiral uneasily, "he talked too much. He was always grumbling."

"Grumbling about what?" said Dorothy.

"Oh, about a variety of things," said the Admiral. "Meals and lodgings and all that, you know. I used to try to stop him. 'Cammy,' I says—"

"'Cammy' is short for camel," explained Sir Walter, and Dorothy laughed and nodded, and the Admiral went on—

"'Cammy,' I says, 'don't scold so much'; but lor! I might as well have talked to a turn-pike-gate."

"Better," put in Sir Walter. "*That* shuts up sometimes, and *he* never did."

"Oh, jummy!" said the Highlander, with a chuckle, "*that's* a good one!"

"But what was it all about?" persisted Dorothy.

"You tell her, Ruffles," said the Admiral.

"Well," said Sir Walter, "it was all the same thing, over and over again. He had it all in verses so he would n't forget any of it. It went like this:

"Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,

Parrots have crackers to crunch;

And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles

Have chickens and cream for their lunch.

But there's never a question

About MY digestion—

ANYTHING does for me!

*"Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes—
ANY PLACE does for me!*

*"Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
ANYWHERE does for me!*

*"People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
ANY LOAD does for me!*

*"A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
ANY SHAPE does for me!"*

Now, Dorothy was a very tender-hearted little child, and by the time these verses were finished she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. "Poor old feeble-minded thing!" she said compassionately. "And what became of him at last?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Admiral said solemnly:

"We put him in a pond."

"Why, that's the most unhuman thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed Dorothy, greatly shocked at this news.

"Well," said the Admiral, in a shamefaced sort of way, "we thought it was a good thing to do—for us, you know."



THE CARAVAN DISCIPLINE THE CAMEL.

"And I call it proud and unforgiving," said Dorothy, indignantly. "Did the poor creature say anything?"

"Not at first," said the Admiral; "but after he got in he said things."

"Such as what?" said Dorothy.

"Oh, we could n't make out *what* he said," replied the Admiral, peevishly. "It was perfectly unintelligibbergibble."

"Kind of gurgly," put in the Highlander.

"Did he go right down?" inquired Dorothy very anxiously.

"Not a bit of it," said the Admiral, flippantly. "He never went down at all. He floated, just like a cork, you know."

"Round and round and round," added Sir Walter.

"Like a turnip," put in the Highlander.

"What do you mean by *that*?" said Dorothy, sharply.

"Nothing," said the Highlander, looking very much abashed; "only I thought turnips turned round."

Dorothy was greatly provoked at all this, and felt that she really ought to say something very severe; but the fact was that the Caravan looked so innocent, sitting on the grass with their sunbonnets all crooked on their heads, that it was as much as she could do to keep from laughing outright. "You know," she said to herself, "if it was n't for the Highlander's whiskers, it'd be precisely like a infant class having a picnic; and after all, they're really nothing but graven images"—so she contented herself by saying, as severely as she could:

"Well, I'm extremely displeased, and I'm very much ashamed of all of you."

The Caravan received this reproof with great cheerfulness, especially the Admiral, who took a look at Dorothy through his spy-glass and then said with much satisfaction: "Now we're each being ashamed of by *three* people"; but Dorothy very properly took no notice of this remark, and walked away in a dignified manner.

CHAPTER X.

THE SIZING TOWER.

As Dorothy walked along, wondering what would happen to her next, she felt something

tugging at her frock, and looking around she saw that it was the Highlander running along beside her, quite breathless, and trying very hard to attract her attention. "Oh, it's you, is it?" she said, stopping short and looking at him pleasantly.

"Yes, it's me," said the Highlander, sitting down on the ground as if he were very much fatigued. "I've been wanting to speak to you privately for a very long time."

"What about?" said Dorothy, wondering what was coming now.

"Well," said the Highlander, blushing violently and appearing to be greatly embarrassed, "you seem to be a very kind-hearted person, and I wanted to show you some poetry I've written."

"Do you compose it?" said Dorothy, kindly.

"No," said the Highlander; "I only made it up. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Dorothy, as gravely as she could; "I should like to hear it very much."

"It's called," said the Highlander, lowering his voice confidentially and looking cautiously about, "—it's called 'The Pickle and the Policeman';" and taking a little paper out of his pocket, he began:

There was a little pickle and his name was John—

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Dorothy, "I don't think that will do *at all*."

"Suppose I call him *George*?" said the Highlander, gazing reflectively at his paper. "It's got to be something short, you know."

"But you must n't call him *anything*," said Dorothy, laughing. "Pickles don't have any names."

"All right," said the Highlander; and taking out a pencil, he began repairing his poetry with great industry. He did a great deal of writing and a good deal of rubbing out with his thumb, and finally said triumphantly:

There was a little pickle and he had n't any name!

"Yes, that will do very nicely," said Dorothy; and the Highlander, clearing his voice, read off his poetry with a great flourish:

There was a little pickle and he had n't any name —

In this respect, I 'm just informed, all pickles are the same.

A large policeman came along, a-swinging of his club,

And took that little pickle up and put him in a tub.

"That 's rather good about taking him up," said the Highlander, chuckling to himself; "so exactly like a policeman, you know."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Dorothy, who was ready to scream with laughter. "What 's the rest of it?"

"There is n't any more," said the Highlander, rather confusedly. "There was going to be another verse, but I could n't think of anything more to say."

"Oh, well, it 's very nice as it is," said Dorothy consolingly; and then, as the Highlander put up his paper and went away, she laughed till her eyes were full of tears. "They are *all* funny," she said at last as she walked away through the wood, "but I think *he* 's funnier than all of 'em put together" — which, by the way, was not a very sensible remark for her to make, as you will see if you 'll take the trouble to think it over.

But presently, as she strolled along, she made a discovery that quite drove the Highlander and his ridiculous poetry out of her head. It was a tower in the wood; not an ordinary tower, of course, for there would have been nothing remarkable about that, but a tower of shining brass, and so high that the top of it was quite out of sight among the branches of the trees. But the strangest thing about it was that there seemed to be no possible way of getting into it, and Dorothy was very cautiously walking around it to see if she could find any door

when she came suddenly upon the Caravan standing huddled together, and apparently in a state of great excitement.

"What is it?" asked Dorothy, eagerly.

"Hush!" said the Admiral, in an agitated whisper. "We think it 's where Bob Scarlet changes himself" — and as he said this there was a tremendous flapping of wings, and down came Bob Scarlet through the branches and landed with a thump a little way from where they were standing. He was as big as a goose again, and his appearance was so extremely formidable that the Caravan as one man threw themselves flat on their faces in a perfect frenzy of terror, and Dorothy herself hid in the grass, with her heart beating like a little eight-day clock.

But Bob Scarlet fortunately paid no more



"THERE IS N'T ANY MORE," SAID THE HIGHLANDER, RATHER CONFUSEDLY.

attention to any of them than if they had been so many flies, and hurried away in the direction of the toy-shop.

"Now what do you make of *that*?" said the Admiral, lifting up his head. "He went in at a

little door not five minutes ago, and he was n't any bigger than an every-day bird."

"Where 's the door?" said Dorothy, running around the tower and looking at it on all sides.

"It went up after him," said the Admiral, "like a corkscrew."

"And it 's coming down again, like a gimlet!" shouted the Highlander; and, as they all looked up, sure enough there was the little door slowly coming down, around and around, as if it were descending an invisible staircase on the outside of the tower. As it touched the ground it opened, and, to Dorothy's amazement, out came the little field-mouse.

"What is it?" cried Dorothy, as they all crowded around the little creature. "Do tell us what it all means."

"It 's a Sizing Tower," said the Mouse, its little voice trembling with agitation. "You get big at the top, and little at the bottom. I would n't go up there again — not for a bushel of nuts."

"Were you pretty big?" inquired Sir Walter.

"Monstrous!" said the Mouse, with a little shudder; "I was as big as a squirrel; and while I was up there Bob Scarlet flew up and came down with the door, and there I was."

"That was a precious mess!" remarked the Highlander.

"Was n't it now!" said the Mouse. "And if he had n't taken it into his head to come up again and *fly down*, I 'd 'a' been there yet."

"Why, it 's the very thing for us!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands with delight. "Let 's all go up and get back our regular selves."

"You go first," said the Admiral suspiciously, "and call down to us how it feels." But Dorothy would n't hear of this; and after a great deal of arguing and pushing and saying "You go in first," the whole party at last got squeezed in through the little doorway. Then the Mouse sat up on its hind legs and waved a little farewell with its paws, and the door softly closed.

"If we begin to grow *now*," said the Admiral's voice in the dark, "we 'll all be squeegeed, *sure!*"

"What an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Dorothy; for they had come out into a street full of houses.

"What *I* want to know is what 's become of the door," said Sir Walter indignantly, staring at a high wall where the door had been, which was now perfectly blank.

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Dorothy, quite bewildered. "It 's really mysterious, is n't it?"

"It makes my stomach tickle like anything," said the Highlander, in a quavering voice.

"What *shall* we do?" said Dorothy, looking about uneasily.

"Run away!" said the Admiral promptly; and without another word the Caravan took to their heels and disappeared around a corner. Dorothy hurried after them, but by the time she turned the corner they were quite out of sight; and as she stopped and looked about her she discovered that she was once more in the Ferryman's street, and, to her great delight, quite as large as she ever had been.

(To be concluded.)

IF.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

If I had a trunk like a big elephant,
'T would be lovely; for then I 'd be able
To reach all the sugar and things that I can't
Reach now, when I eat at the table!



Abelton Rendall - Fiction



THE CURIOUS CASE OF AH-TOP.

(A Chinese Legend.)

The slant-eyed maidens, when they spied
The cue of Ah-Top, gaily cried,
"It is some mandarin!"
The street-boys followed in a crowd;
No wonder that Ah-Top was proud
And wore a conscious grin!

But one day Ah-Top's heart grew sad.
"My fate," he said, "is quite too bad!
My cue will hang behind me.
While others may its beauty know,
To me there's naught its grace to show,
And nothing to remind me."



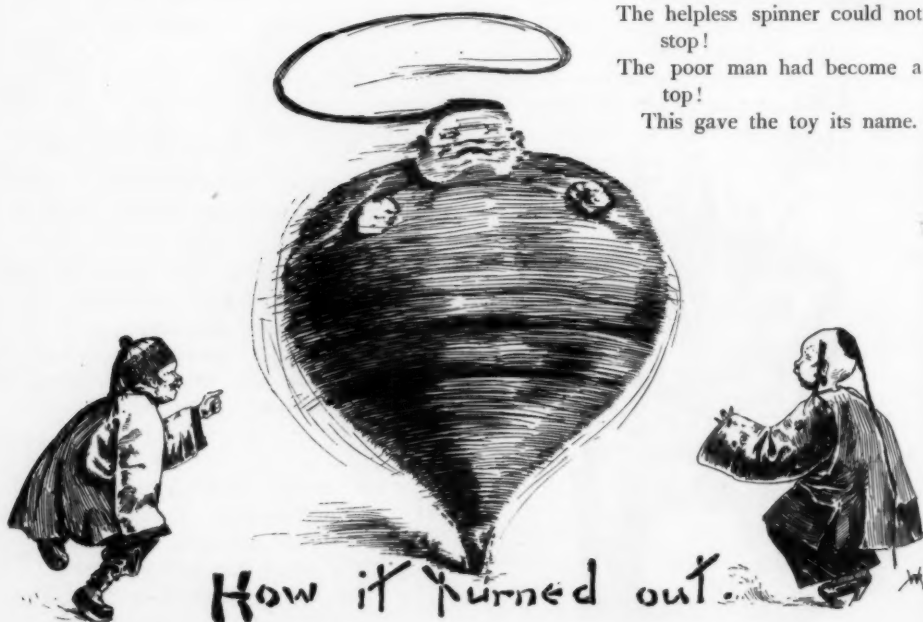
At length he hit upon a plan,
Exclaiming, "I 'm a clever man!
I know what I will do:
I 'll simply wheel myself around,
And then the pigtail will be found
Where I can see it, too."

He spun himself upon his toes,
He almost fell upon his nose,
He grew red in the face.
But when Ah-Top could whirl no more,
He found the pigtail as before,
Resolved to keep its place.

"Aha!" he cried, "I turned too slow.
Next time, you see, I 'll faster go.
Besides, I stopped too soon.
Now for a good one! Ah, but stay—
I 'll turn myself the other way!"
He looked like a balloon!

So fast he whirled, his cue flew out
And carried Ah-Top round about.

An awful moment came—
The helpless spinner could not
stop!
The poor man had become a
top!
This gave the toy its name.



How it turned out.

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A STORY OF THE SWISS GLACIER.

BY MARY A. ROBINSON.

"SEE, mother, dear, what a good report I have brought from school," cried Rudi,* as he burst into the room where his mother sat at her spinning-wheel. "I have tried to do my best all the week."

"I am very glad, my boy," said his mother, as she gave him a hearty kiss; "and, as a reward, you may go up to the pasture to see your grandfather this afternoon, and you can bring me back a crock of butter."

Rudi was delighted; a visit to his grandfather was one of his greatest pleasures, for, aside from the cordial reception which he always received, he enjoyed the climb. Then, too, he was greatly interested in the herd of cattle which was sent to the pasture early in the spring, not to return till the autumn.

For Rudi was a "merry Swiss boy," born and bred in a little village high up in the mountains, which, though not built on quite as steep a slope as that where, it is said, even the chickens need to wear spikes on their feet to keep them from slipping,† could yet be reached from the valley, a thousand feet below, only by steep and narrow paths. Those leading to the pastures above were still more difficult—that is, they would have been so to any one unaccustomed to climbing them; but to the mountaineers it made no difference how rough the track, how steep the ascent or descent, for all, men or women, young or old, were as nimble and sure-footed as their own goats, and trod these mountain-paths, even with heavy loads on their backs or heads, with as much ease as if they had been good and level roads.

So Rudi hailed with joy every occasion which offered a climb up to the Alm (as these mountain-pastures are called) where his grandfather, with two or three younger herdsmen, or *Senners*,

had charge of the herd and made the cheese, which was sent to the cities, or even out of the country, to be sold. Like all the Swiss, Rudi loved his mountains passionately, and often his little heart swelled within him when he looked around upon the craggy rocks and snowy peaks which towered above the village. The higher he climbed the lighter and happier he felt; and he was looking forward impatiently to the time when he should be old enough to accompany his father on an expedition to a neighboring glacier, or, better still, join him in a *chamois-hunt*, which would take them to the region of eternal snow.

But to do this he would have to wait some time, for as yet he was but a little fellow, hardly nine years old; a bright, handsome boy, with fair curly hair, honest blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and sturdy, well-knit limbs. His costume was that worn since time immemorial by the boys of his canton‡—knee-breeches and jacket of brown, with a red vest, gray ribbed stockings, heavy mountain shoes, and a peaked, gray felt hat, trimmed with green ribbon and a cock's feather. He was a good boy, too; and, being an only child, was idolized by his parents, who, however, were wise enough not to spoil him. His father, *Ulric Werner*, was the bailiff and chief man of the village, and both the honest bailiff and his wife, *Lisbeth*, were generally beloved and respected.

After a hasty dinner, Rudi started forth, his alpine staff in his hand, and carrying some dainties for his grandfather in a bag slung over his shoulder.

"Be sure," said his mother, as he bade her good-by, "to be back before dark; and promise me one thing—that you will not venture upon the glacier; for after the warm rains we have had

* Diminutive of "Rudolph."

† The village of Emd, in the valley of the Visp, on the road to Zermatt.

‡ One of the departments into which Switzerland is divided, each one of which, in former times, had its distinct costume, though of late years this has no longer been the case.

this week, no one can know what changes there may be, even at the edge."

"Never fear, mother," replied Rudi; "I should not think of going on the glacier all by myself."

"I know I can trust you, my son, and so I shall feel easy. Perhaps you can persuade your grandfather to come back with you, and stay with us over Sunday. Do your best; it seems a long time since we have seen the dear old man."

"That's a capital idea!" cried Rudi. "I'll be sure to bring him. But now good-by; I must hurry, or my time will be too short. I'll bring you the prettiest flowers I can find. Good-by," and away he ran at full speed.

The glacier in question was about half a mile from the village; and from the path leading to it that to the Alm branched off, and ascended along its high bank for some distance. There was a track across the glacier, and another leading up it, both marked, as far as possible, by stakes; but they were traveled by experienced mountaineers alone, and even by these only with the greatest caution. The changes in the surface of these huge bodies of ice are so frequent and so great that in place of a smooth track which you have trodden one day, you may find on the next a huge fissure or "crevasse," or a tall hillock or peak, and be obliged to go far out of your way to get around the unexpected obstacle.

The glacier had a wonderful fascination for Rudi, who was a very thoughtful child. He would often sit on the bank above it, gazing down upon its frozen waves and glittering "needles," or peaks, and think of all that his father had told him about these wonderful "ice rivers," as they might be called. How they came down from the snow always lying on the mountains above, and were constantly bearing away a portion of it as they melted and changed, and, in the course of years, crept slowly and silently downward. He knew that they carried with them rocks, logs, trees, or any object that lay upon their surface or obstructed their course, and that the "moraines," or walls, on either side of them or in their middle were formed by their

casting out the rocks after bearing them along for a while. And, not long before, there had been found on the edge of the glacier near the village a knapsack which had been lost ten years before by a guide who was taking a party up into the mountains. Having slipped partially into a crevasse, he was rescued by his companions; but his knapsack, the strap of which broke, had fallen to such a depth that it could not be reached unless some one went down for it. And this happened 4300 feet above the place where the knapsack afterward was found, quite well preserved.*

Rudi knew, too, that under the surface of the glacier there is a constant flowing and gurgling of water, and that countless tiny rivulets unite in its heart to a stream which, growing larger and larger, finally issues from the lower end, often through a perfect arch of beautiful blue ice, in a wild, rushing, milky torrent, thus forming the source of some river, such as the Rhone, or the Reuss.

There was to Rudi something very mysterious about all this, and the short expeditions along the edge of the glacier, which he sometimes made with his father, only increased his interest, by giving him a nearer view of the deep blue crevasses or the sharp needles like huge inverted icicles which towered above him. But they also showed him how much danger there was of slipping into one of the crevasses, or of getting lost among the hillocks which rose up on every side, especially in one of the sudden fogs which would sometimes come up and hide the whole glacier from sight. He was therefore quite content to wait until he was older and stronger before venturing upon a lengthy glacier trip.

The long summer afternoon was nearly gone when Rudi's father returned from a hunting expedition on which he had started early in the morning. After greeting his wife, his first question was, as usual, "Where is the boy?"

"I let him go to the Alm after dinner, as he brought home an excellent report from school," replied Lisbeth. "He was very happy about it."

Looking up, she saw a troubled expression in her husband's face. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked.

* A similar incident, with names and dates given, is mentioned in H. A. Berlepsch's work "The Alps; or, Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains," translated by the Rev. Leslie Stephen.

"Oh, nothing serious," answered Ulric; "I dare say I am over-anxious. But I heard last night that a party of tourists was coming up from below, to-day, to go over the pass, and the men have been clearing the track across the glacier. I hope Rudi's curiosity will not have led him to go near them —"

"Oh, Ulric!" cried his wife, excitedly, "why did I let him go just to-day! He promised me, indeed, that he would not set foot on the glacier; but he may have thought there would be no danger when the men were working there. Oh, why did you not tell me of this?"

"I forgot it last night, and this morning you were still asleep when I left. But calm yourself, dear wife; there is really no cause for fear. And here comes Heinrich, who was at work with the rest. He certainly does not look as if he were the bearer of evil tidings. I dare say he can tell us all we wish to know. Did you see anything of our boy while you were working on the glacier?" he asked a young villager, who just then entered the room.

"No; nothing," was the reply. "Yet he might have been on it at this end while I was at work at the other; that could easily happen. But, master, they sent me up here to see if you had got home, and to ask you to come down there. The party crossed the glacier about two hours ago, and Hans, the guide, told us that another party of tourists was coming up to-morrow. So we want your advice about keeping the track open."

"I will go with you," said the bailiff. "Did you find it hard work to clear the track?"

"Yes, in some parts," answered Heinrich; "and in one place, not far from the edge on this side, we found an immense crevasse, which must have opened within a day or two; for it was not there when I crossed the glacier on Wednesday. And what do you think?" he added, laughing, "Niclas Spyri's wallet fell into it, and on our way back he declared he must have it again, and had himself let down into the crevasse with ropes, and he had n't yet come up again when I left."

"What foolhardiness!" exclaimed Ulric, "so to risk his life only for a wallet!"

"Oh, well, sir, there was a keepsake in it that his sweetheart had given him; and, most of all,

I think he was curious to see the inside of a crevasse."

"Well, I hope he will come up again safe and sound. I will go with you, and then we will hear what he has to say."

As they reached the cottage door they saw the *curé*, or village priest, approaching the house, and by his side two men solemnly bearing a litter made of branches, covered with a cloth. A troop of villagers followed. The men were grave and sad, and the women and children were weeping.

Ulric staggered back. "Rudi?" he cried.

"Yes, my son," said the *curé*, compassionately; "God has laid his hand heavily upon you."

"What has happened?" gasped the poor father.

"In the crevasse," was the reply, "Niclas discovered him and brought him out." The *curé* motioned to the bearers to carry their burden into the house. At this moment Lisbeth, who had gone to the back of the cottage and had neither seen nor heard what had occurred in front, reëntered the room. With a shriek, she tore the covering from the litter as the men set it down, and threw herself upon the little form that lay there before her. Ulric stood as if stunned, gazing on the sweet childish face now still in death and bearing no trace of pain.

The *curé*, himself deeply moved, spoke gentle words of consolation to the poor parents. Many of the crowd were sobbing and weeping, for little Rudi had been a general favorite.

One of the bearers was Niclas, the young man who had been lowered into the crevasse.

"I found him," he said in a broken voice, "at the bottom of the crevasse, lying face downward in some water which had gathered there. He cannot have suffered; we could find no hurt on his body; he was probably stunned by the fall and then suffocated by the water, so that he died without a struggle."

"He must have fallen in while we were at our dinners," said the other bearer, an older man, who lived at the end of the village nearest the glacier. "I saw him running past my house a short time before I went back to work."

The sun had set; the twilight was deepening, and one by one the neighbors sadly stole away

to return to their own homes, leaving only a few intimate friends with the heartbroken parents. The curé, too, remained to administer comfort by his presence rather than by words. Nothing was heard but the sobs of the women and the deep sighs of Ulric.



NICLAS SPYRI IS LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE.

Suddenly a murmur arose outside at a distance. It drew nearer and nearer, and sounded so utterly out of place near that house of mourning that one of the men left the room to see what could be the cause of such a disturbance. His astonished eyes beheld a little fellow, with a huge bunch of flowers in his hand, running swiftly toward the house. The next moment the boy dashed past him, with a cry of "Here I am, Mother dear; I am not dead! See what lovely flowers I have brought you!" and he threw himself into Lisbeth's arms. They were closely surrounded by a crowd of villagers, shouting, laughing, crying, and talking excitedly.

Words cannot paint the scene that ensued. All was confusion. Ulric and Lisbeth at first could hardly comprehend what had happened, and for a moment looked in dumb amazement alternately at the living and at the dead.

When quiet was at last restored, and the happy parents were able to realize fully the joy into which their mourning had been turned, Niclas asked:

"But who can this poor little boy be, whom I found in the crevasse? He is not one of the village children, nor does he belong in the neighborhood, for I know all the boys in these mountains as if they were my own."

"His likeness to Rudi is indeed striking," said the curé, bending over the little body and examining it more closely in the dim light. Suddenly he started. "My friends," he exclaimed in excited tones, "this is no child that has died recently; it is a frozen little body which has been embedded in the glacier, for how long no one can tell. There can be no doubt of this; and it has been brought to light in a wonderful way. But how can we account for this strange resemblance, which deceived even a mother's eye?"

"Oh, Father," cried Lisbeth, "that was only because I was quite beside myself with grief. Now I can see a great difference; though, indeed, the likeness to my son Rudi—not only in features, but also in size and figure—is most remarkable."

All were still discussing this new source of wonder and speculation, when Rudi, who had been examining his double with deep interest, looked up, and cried joyfully:

"Oh, here is grandfather! He came down the mountain with me, but when we heard up at the glacier what had happened, I rushed ahead, so as to get to you, Mother, as soon as I could; and I left grandfather to follow me."

A hale and hearty old man, alpine staff in hand, now entered the room, accompanied by the curé, who had gone to meet him with a few words of explanation. He seemed much agitated, and, after greeting his daughter and her husband, he turned to the litter, saying:

"Let me see this poor dead boy; I have a suspicion as to who he may be. Yes, I am right," he exclaimed, as he fell on his knees

beside the little form, and tears gushed from his eyes; "it is as I thought — this is my brother Seppi,* who, as some of you may know, disappeared suddenly one day, more than sixty years ago. No trace of him could be found. Who would have thought that I should ever see him again in this world!"

Here was fresh cause for amazement. It was touching to see the old man gazing upon the little brother who had been dead so long. After a while he grew calmer, and, rising from his knees, said:

"When all search for Seppi proved fruitless, my parents could no longer doubt that he had met with some accident among the mountains. Young as he was,—just Rudi's age,—he was very fond of rambling and climbing about by himself, and even going upon the glacier, although he had been strictly forbidden to do so. No one knew in what direction he had gone that day; and, even if there had been reason to suppose that he had been lost upon the glacier, it would have been useless to look for him there except in the nearest neighborhood. I think now that he must either have followed some chamois-hunter's tracks leading upward or have gone upon the ice much higher up; perhaps, poor boy, he wanted to see the eternal snow at the head of the glacier. Rudi has often reminded me of him.

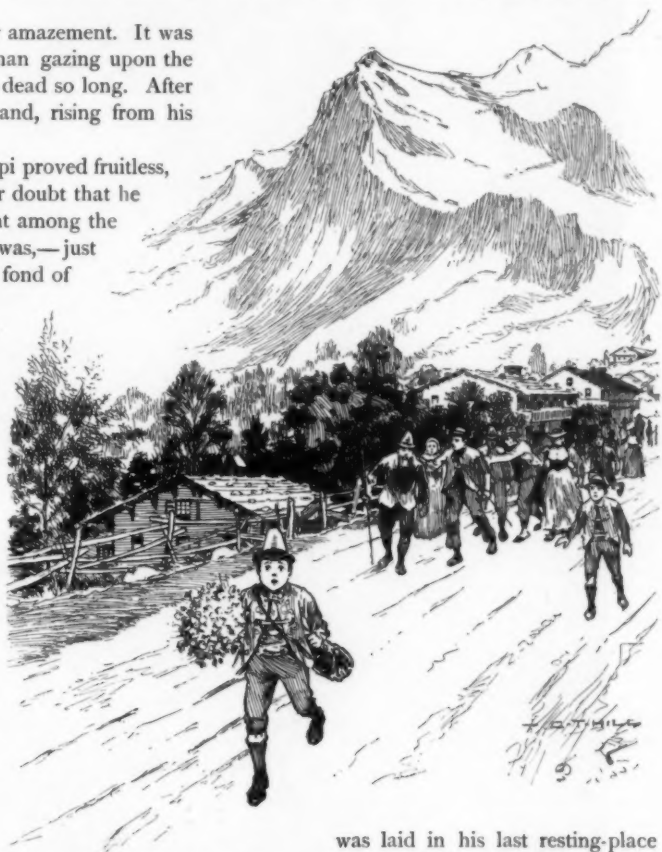
Seppi was somewhat older than I was, and I missed him sadly for a long time. Now, when I am old and gray, I see him here as a beautiful child."†

"Poor little boy," said Lisbeth, "his own mother's tears did not fall upon him, but she surely mourned for him as I would have done for my Rudi. Let us thank God with all our hearts that the sorrow which fell upon her has been spared me. And may Ulric and I, dear

* Diminutive of "Joseph."

father," she added, turning to the old man, "bring up our boy to be as good a man as your brother would surely have been, had he grown up like you."

The next day little Seppi, covered with the flowers which Rudi had brought from the Alm,



"A LITTLE FELLOW, WITH A HUGE BUNCH OF FLOWERS IN HIS HAND, WAS RUNNING SWIFTLY TOWARD THE HOUSE."

was laid in his last resting-place in the village churchyard. On searching the village records, the curé found an official notice, of about sixty years before, giving an account of the disappearance of little Seppi, and a personal description of him which corresponded exactly with the little body found in the crevasse.

To Rudi the sea of ice now became more mysterious than ever, for having yielded up, after all those years, his young granduncle, the little boy who so very long before had ventured upon the forbidden glacier.

† See Letter-box, page 476.

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.



I WHISPERED THAT I SAW DOLL ROSE
EAT UP A WHOLE JAM TART!



SHE HEARD, AND CAME AND PULLED MY HAIR,—
GAVE ME AN AWFUL START!



WE QUARRELED, AND WE WOULD N'T SPEAK.
FOOK JAF DOLL WAS DISTREST.



HE COAXED US TO BE FRIENDS AGAIN,
AND WE BOTH THOUGHT 'T WAS BEST.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER V.

OUR FATHER.

(THE LATE DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.)

THERE is so much to tell about our father that I hardly know where to begin. First, you must know something of his appearance. He was tall and very erect, with the carriage and walk of a soldier. His hair was black, with silver threads in it; his eyes of the deepest and brightest blue I ever saw. They were eyes full of light: to us it was the soft, beaming light of love and tenderness, but sometimes to others it was the flash of a sword. He was very handsome; in his youth he had been thought one of the handsomest men of his day. It was a gallant time, this youth of our father. When hardly more than a lad, he went out to help the brave Greeks who were fighting to free their country from the cruel yoke of the Turks. At an age when most young men were thinking how they could earn most money, and how they could best advance themselves in the world, our father thought only how he could do most good, be of most help to others. So he went out to Greece, and fought in many a battle beside the brave mountaineers. Dressed like them in the "snowy chemise" and the shaggy capote," he shared their toils and their hardships; slept, rolled in his cloak, under the open stars, or sat over the camp-fire, roasting wasps strung on a stick like dried cherries. The old Greek chieftains called him "the beautiful youth," and loved him. Once he saved the life of a wounded Greek, at the risk of his own, as you shall read by and by in Whittier's beautiful words; and the rescued man followed him afterward like a dog, not wishing to lose sight of him for an hour, and would even sleep at his feet at night.

Once he and his comrades lay hidden for

hours in the hollow of an ancient wall (built thousands of years ago, perhaps in Homer's day), while the Turks, simitar in hand, scoured the fields in search of them. Many years after, he showed this hollow to Julia and Laura, who went with him on his fourth journey to Greece, and told them the story. When our father saw the terrible sufferings of the Greek women and children, who were starving while their husbands and fathers were fighting for life and freedom, he thought that he could help best by helping them; so, though I know he loved the fighting, for he was a born soldier, he came back to this country, and told all that he had seen, and asked for money and clothes and food for the perishing wives and mothers and children.

He told the story well, and put his whole heart into it; and people listen to a story so told. Many hearts beat in answer to his, and in a short time he sailed for Greece again, with a good ship full of rice and flour, and cloth to make into garments, and money to buy whatever else might be needed.

When he landed in Greece, the women came flocking about him by thousands, crying for bread, and praying God to bless him. He felt blessed enough when he saw the children eating bread, and saw the naked backs covered, and the sad, hungry faces smiling again. So he went about doing good, and helping whenever he saw need. Perhaps many a poor woman may have thought that the beautiful youth was almost like an angel sent by God to relieve her; and she may not have been far wrong.

When the war was over, and Greece was a free country, our father came home, and looked about him again to see what he could do to help others. He talked with a friend of his, Dr. Fisher, and they decided that they would give their time to helping the blind, who needed help greatly. There were no schools for them

in those days, and if a child was blind, it must sit with folded hands and learn nothing.

Our father found several blind children, and took them to his home and taught them. By and by some kind friends gave money, and one, Colonel Perkins, gave a fine house to be a school for these children and others; and that was the beginning of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, now a great school where many, many blind boys and girls learn to read and study, and to play on various instruments, and to help themselves and others in the world.

Our father always said, "Help people to help themselves; don't accustom them to being helped by others." But I hope you will all read, some day, a life of our father, and learn about all the things he did, for it needs a whole volume to tell them.

You have heard about Laura Bridgman,* whom he found a little child, deaf, dumb, and blind, knowing no more than an animal, and how he taught her to read and write, to talk with her fingers, and to become an earnest, thoughtful, industrious woman.

But it is especially as our father that I want to describe this great and good man. I suppose there never was a tenderer or kinder father. He liked to make companions of his children, and was never weary of having us "tagging" at his heels. We followed him about the garden like so many little dogs, watching the pruning or grafting which were his special tasks. We followed him up into the wonderful pear-room, where were many chests of drawers, every drawer full of pears lying on cotton-wool. Our father watched their ripening with careful heed, and told us many things about their growth and habits. We seldom left the pear-room empty-handed.

Then there was his own room, where we could examine the wonderful drawers of his great bureau, and play with the "picknickles" and "bucknickles." I believe our father invented these words. They were—well, all kinds of pleasant little things: amber mouthpieces, and buckles, and bits of enamel, and a wonderful Turkish pipe, and seals, and wax, and some large pins two inches long which were great treasures. On his writing-table were many clean pens in boxes, which you could lay out

in patterns; and a sand-box—very delightful! We were never tired of pouring the fine black sand into our hands, where it felt so cool and smooth, and then back again into the box with its holes arranged star-fashion. And to see him shake sand over his paper when he wrote a letter, and then pour it back in a smooth stream, while the written lines sparkled and seemed to stand up from the page! Ah, blotting-paper is no doubt very convenient, but I should like to have a sand-box, nevertheless!

I cannot remember that our father was ever out of patience when we pulled his things about. He had many delightful stories: one of "Jacky Nory," which had no end, and went on and on, through many a walk and garden, prowl. Often, too, he would tell us of his own pranks when he was a little boy: How they used to tease an old Portuguese sailor with a wooden leg, and how the old man would get very angry, and cry out, "Calabash me rompe you!" meaning, "I 'll break your head!" How, when he was a student in college, and ought to have known better, he led the president's old horse up-stairs and left him in an upper room of one of the college buildings, where he astonished the passers-by by putting his head out of the windows and neighing. And then our father would shake his head and say he was a very naughty boy, and Harry must never do such things. (But Harry did!)

He loved to play and romp with us. Sometimes he would put on his great fur coat, and come into the dining-room at dancing-time, on all-fours, growling horribly, and pursue us into corners, we shrieking with delighted terror. Or he would sing for us, sending us into fits of laughter, for he had absolutely no ear for music. There was one tune which he was quite sure he sang correctly, but no one could recognize it. At last he'd say, "O—Su-sanna!" and then we'd all know what the tune was. "Hail to the Chief!" was his favorite song, and he sang it with great spirit and fervor, though the air was strictly original, and very peculiar. When he was tired of romping or carrying us on his shoulder, he would say, "No; no more! I have a bone in my leg!" which excuse was accepted by us little ones

* An account of Laura Bridgman was published in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1889.

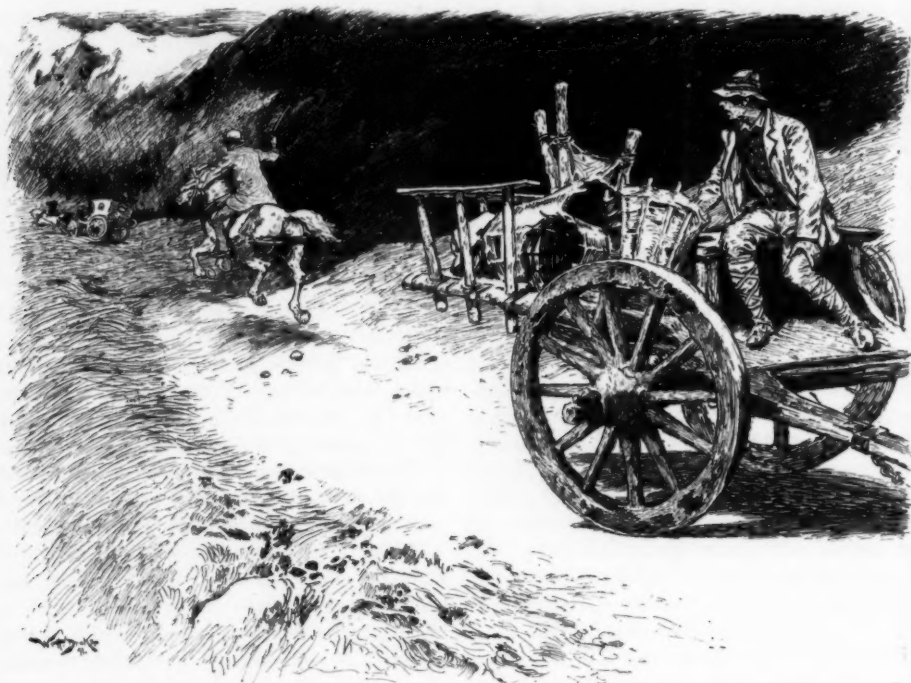
in perfect good faith, as we thought it some mysterious but painful malady.

If our father had no ear for music, he had a fine one for meter, and read poetry aloud very beautifully. His voice was melodious and ringing, and we were thrilled with his own enthusiasm as he read to us from Scott or Byron, his favorite poets. I never can read "The Assyrian came down," without hearing the ring of his voice and seeing the flash of his blue

Or if war or fighting were mentioned, he would often cry:

"Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!"

I must not leave the subject of reading without speaking of his reading of the Bible, which was most impressive. No one who ever heard him read morning prayers at the Institution (which he always did until his health failed in later



"HE UNHITCHED THE HORSE, LEAPED UPON HIS BACK, AND WAS OFF BEFORE THE ASTONISHED DRIVER COULD UTTER A WORD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

eyes as he read, or rather recited, the splendid lines. He had a great liking for Pope, too (as I wish more people had nowadays), and for Butler's "Hudibras," which he was constantly quoting. He commonly, when riding, wore but one spur, giving Hudibras's reason, that if one side of the horse went, the other must perforce go with it; and how often, on some early morning walk or ride, have I heard him say:

"And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

years) can have forgotten the grave, melodious voice, the reverent tone, the majestic head bent above the sacred book. Nor was it less impressive when on Sunday afternoons he read to us, his children. He would make us read, too, allowing us to choose our favorite psalms or other passages.

He was an early riser, and often shared our morning walks. Each child, as soon as old enough, was taught to ride, and the rides before breakfast with him are things never to be

forgotten. He took one child at a time, so that all in turn might have the pleasure. It seems hardly longer ago than yesterday—the coming down-stairs in the cool, dewy morning; nibbling a cracker for fear of hunger; springing into the saddle, the little black mare shaking her head, impatient to be off; the canter through the quiet streets, where only an early milkman or baker was to be seen, though on our return we should find them full of boys who pointed the finger and shouted:

“Lady on a hossback,
Row, row, row!”

then out into the pleasant country, galloping over the smooth road, or pacing quietly under shady trees. Our father was a superb rider; indeed, he never seemed so absolutely at home as in the saddle. He was very particular about our holding whip and reins in the right way.

Speaking of his riding reminds me of a story our mother used to tell us. When Julia was a baby, they were traveling in Italy, driving in a “vettura,” an old-fashioned kind of carriage. One day they stopped at the door of an inn, and our father went in to make some inquiries. While he was gone, the rascally driver thought it would be a good opportunity for him to slip off and in at the side door to get a draught of wine; and, the driver gone, the horses saw that here was *their* opportunity, so they took it, and ran away with our mother, the baby, and nurse in the carriage.

Our father, hearing the sound of wheels, came out, caught sight of the driver's guilty face peering round the corner in affright, and at once saw what had happened. He ran at full speed along the road in the direction in which the horses were headed. Rounding a corner of the mountain which the road skirted, he saw at a little distance a country wagon coming slowly toward him, drawn by a stout horse, the wagoner half asleep on the seat. Instantly our father's resolve was taken. He ran up, stopped the horse, unhitched him in the twinkling of an eye, leaped upon his back, and was off like a flash, before the astonished driver, who was not used to two-legged whirlwinds, could utter a word.

Probably the horse was equally astonished;

but he felt a master on his back, and, urged by hand and voice, he sprang to his topmost speed, galloped bravely on, and soon overtook the lumbering carriage-horses, which were easily stopped. No one was hurt, though our mother and the nurse had of course been sadly frightened. The horses were turned, and soon they came in sight of the unhappy countryman, still sitting on his wagon, petrified with astonishment. He received a liberal reward, and probably regretted that there were no more mad Americans to “steal a ride,” and pay for it.

This presence of mind, this power of acting on the instant, was one of our father's great qualities. It was this that made him, when the wounded Greek sank down before him,

“—fling him from his saddle
And place the stranger there.”

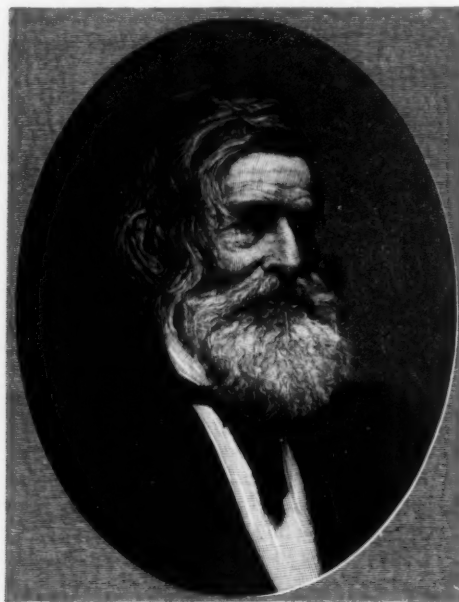
It was this, when arrested and imprisoned by the Prussian government on suspicion of befriending unhappy Poland, that taught him what to do with the important papers he carried. In the minute during which he was left alone, before the official came to search him, he thrust the documents up into the hollow head of a bust of the King of Prussia which stood on a shelf; then tore some unimportant papers into the smallest possible fragments and threw them into a basin of water which stood close at hand.

Next day the fragments carefully pasted together were shown to him, hours having been spent in the painful and laborious task; but nobody thought of looking for more papers in the head of King Friedrich Wilhelm.

Our father, though nothing could be proved against him, might have languished long in that Prussian prison, had it not been for the exertions of a fellow-countryman. This gentleman had met him in the street the day before, had asked his address, and promised to call on him. Inquiring for him next day, at the hotel, he was told that no such person was or had been there. Instantly suspecting foul play, this good friend went to the American minister, and told his story. The minister took up the matter warmly, and called upon the Prussian officials to give up his countryman. This, after repeated denials of any knowledge of the affair, they at length reluctantly consented to do. Our father was

taken out of prison at night, placed in a carriage, and driven across the border into France, where he was dismissed with a warning never to set foot in Prussia again.

One day, I remember, we were sitting at the dinner-table, when a messenger came flying, "all wild with haste and fear," to say that a fire had broken out at the Institution. Now in those days there lay between Green Peace and the Institution a remnant of the famous Washington Heights, where Washington and his staff had once made their camp, if I remember right.



DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

Much of the high ground had already been dug away, but there still remained a great hill, sloping back and up from the garden wall, and terminating on the side toward the Institution in an abrupt precipice, some sixty feet high. The bearer of the bad news had been forced to come round by way of several streets, thus losing precious minutes; but the Doctor did not know what it was to lose a minute. Before any one could speak or ask what he would do, he was out of the house, ran through the garden, climbed the slope at the back, rushed like a flame across the green hilltop, and slid down the almost per-

pendicular face of the precipice! Bruised and panting, he reached the Institution and saw at a glance that the fire was in the upper story. Take time to go round to the door and up the stairs? Not he! He "swarmed" up the gutter-spout, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, was on the roof, and cutting away at the burning timbers with an ax, which he had got hold of, no one knows how. That fire was put out, as were several others at which our father assisted.

Fire is swift, but it could not get ahead of the Doctor.

These are a few of the stories; but, as I said, it needs a volume to tell all about our father's life. I cannot tell in this short space how he worked with the friends of liberty to free the slave; how he raised the poor and needy, and "helped them to help themselves"; how he was a light to the blind, and, first of all men (in this country, at least), brought light also into the darkened mind of the unhappy idiot. Many a great man, absorbed in such high works as these, would have found scant leisure for family life and communion; but no finger-ache of his smallest child ever escaped his loving care, no childish thought or wish ever failed to win his sympathy. We, who had this high privilege of being his children, love to think of him as the brave soldier, the wise physician, the great philanthropist; but dearest of all is the thought of him as our loving and tender father.

And now, to end this chapter, you shall hear what Mr. Whittier, the noble and honored poet, thought of this friend of his.*

THE HERO.

"O FOR a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"O that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride and not her scorn:
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born'!"

* See Letter-box, page 476.

"But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave, and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man at least I know
Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabers,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek,

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"Allah! hu!" Through flashing sabers,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders;
He almost felt their breath,

Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band."

"It was very brave and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been?"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

(To be continued.)

REACHING A GREAT HEIGHT WITH KITES.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

THE movement of a flying kite downward in circles may be caused by a sudden increase of the wind's force. A square iron plate (something like a kite, but having springs behind it) with which Professor C. F. Marvin carried out experiments on the summit of Mount Washington showed that the wind may vary in strength more than one third within a few minutes. It is thus clear that even after long experience a boy may be unable to prevent his kite from diving into a tree-top, because the wind may so suddenly increase.

Constant watchfulness and quick action are necessary while flying a kite after sunset, because the air a few hundred feet above the earth generally has at night a swifter motion than in the daytime. The darkness also is a source of peril, for, in case of a sudden downward movement, the position of the kite as related to the tree-tops and roofs cannot be made out unless Japanese or other lanterns are tied to the kite's tail, or to the string holding the kite.

The shape of a kite controls its ascending power. One having six sides (resembling a star kite with the points filled in) flies much higher than any other. It is trustworthy, moves steadily, and at times carries up a very steep string. I call it the "hexagon kite." While in the air it resembles a six-sided open umbrella, and at a great distance it looks like a balloon with no basket, especially when the tail is thin and scarcely visible. In a brisk wind it pulls hard, and so can carry upward a long string, and reach great heights.

The actual height of kites above the earth is difficult to measure, because an object floating alone in the air looks farther away than it really is. When a kite is flying at a height of 1800 feet, it has reached about as high a point as is possible without the assistance of other kites. Such a kite will seem to have reached an altitude of half a mile; yet a careful measurement of the

string and its steepness will show that the kite is not over one third of a mile above the ground. Ordinarily the kite will go no higher even if more string is let out, because the wind presses against the great length of string with increasing force as the kite recedes and rises.

If more than one kite be used, remarkable heights are attainable. The kites can be fastened along a single string, but this method requires quickness in attaching the right amount of tail to each kite; otherwise so much time may be wasted in preparing the successive kites for flight that the daylight will wane before the experiment can be concluded. However, when one kite is up and the amount of tail for it is determined, it becomes possible, after long experience, to at once estimate the amount of tail necessary for each additional kite, according to its size.

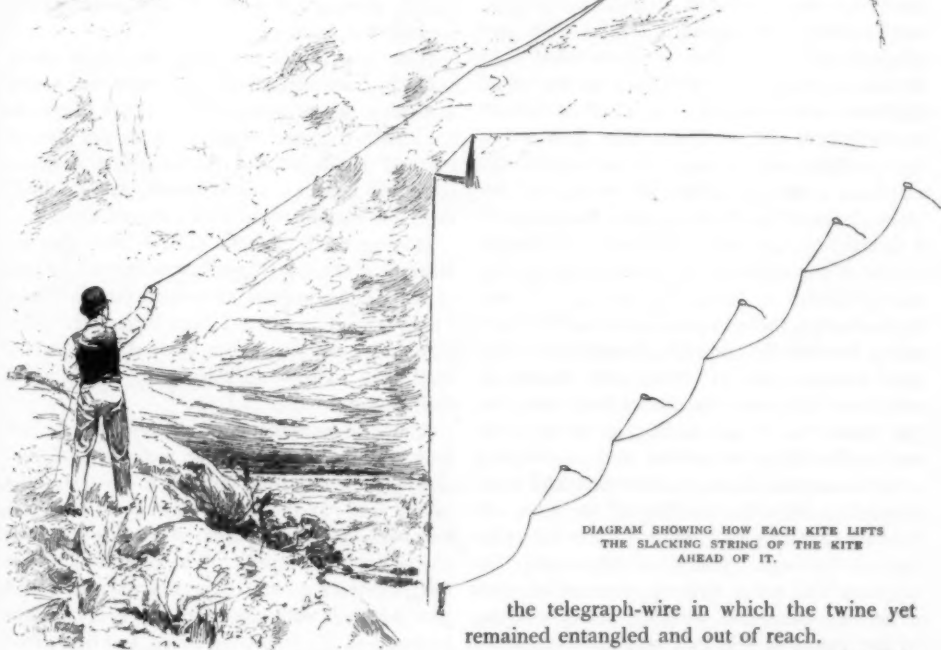
We will now suppose that a blue-paper kite has been let out until it has reached a height of about 1800 feet. The string will then slacken, owing to its great weight. If a red kite with its own string be subsequently let out to a height of about 300 feet, from another part of the open space from which the kites are to be flown, then the string holding the red kite can be carried to the long, gradually slanting string of the blue kite, which, as we have seen, is very high and very far off. The string holding the red kite is fastened to the string holding the distant blue one, in such a manner that the two kite-strings then branch upward from the main string by which both are held. The inner kite—the one with about 300 feet of string—will fly with so steep a string that it will not interfere with the movement of the blue kite first sent up.

In this way each kite is fastened to the string of the kite sent up ahead of it, thus lifting the first kite—the blue one—several hundred feet higher as each kite is added. The kites should

be larger as the earth is approached, because the increasing pull of all the kites calls for greater lifting force nearer the ground.

On May 9, 1891, at Bergen Point, New Jersey, I thus sent up five kites, from two to four feet in diameter, all held by one string at the surface of the earth. The altitude of the highest kite was probably nearly a mile, as roughly calculated from the slant and length of the strings. It is therefore clear that the number of kites to be flown is limited only by the strength of the string, its length, and the force and steadiness of the wind. The variously colored kites fly one above another with a very pretty effect. They look like colored disks floating irregularly at a great height, because each kite is held at a slightly different angle from every other, making differences of position in the sky.

caused by increasing strain due to an approaching storm. The kites, which were at a great height, wavered, turned partly aside, and started down rapidly. But they were so very high that the length and weight of the twine which they were dragging delayed their descent. They caught the wind again just as the broken end of the twine was drawn up into a line of telegraph-wires, becoming fastened to them at a height of about fifty feet above the ground. Then the kites came up and flew perfectly, held by



FLYING FIVE KITES TOGETHER.

DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW EACH KITE LIFTS THE SLACKING STRING OF THE KITE AHEAD OF IT.

At the same place, two kites were flying from one string which broke near the ground, the severed end careering across a field. It was

the telegraph-wire in which the twine yet remained entangled and out of reach.

A stone to which a light string was fastened was thrown upward and over the twine leading up to the kites, but this rescuing string gave way. The kites then broke loose again, and

away they went toward the shore of the Kill von Kull. The long string, which soon began to trail through the water some distance off the shore, was broken by a passing boat, thus throwing the lower of the two kites into the water. It sank and was not recovered. Meantime the farther kite had again risen in the air, the string holding it having caught on the Staten Island side of the Kill von Kull, which at this point is nearly half a mile in width. This distant kite appeared above the opposite shore as a dim black dot, darting to and fro in the high wind. It was never brought back, because it could be regained only by taking a ferry-boat and a railroad. The sun was setting, and the coming on of night probably would have made it impossible to find it.

It is shown in this case that if the kites are very high in the air, and the string holding them breaks near the ground, they may still fly. At another time the end of the string, which had been released by mistake, dragged rapidly along over fences, sidewalks, trees, and telegraph-wires; yet, after an uncontrolled flight of about a quarter of a mile, the kites rose again and flew as well as ever. It was then difficult to find where the string was held from which the two kites were flying. After considerable searching it was found that the string had become fastened in a tree-top, and that none of it reached the ground. The limbs of the tree appeared too small to be climbed, and no boy was permitted to make the attempt. It was impossible to throw upward a stone tied to a string, because the spreading branches of other trees were too near. Not far from the tree to which the kites were fastened was an open lot. But there the string slanting up to the kites was so far above the ground that it could not easily be seen, and the position of it had to be guessed at from the position of the kites. It became necessary to send up another kite after the two fugitives. This was easily done. The rescuing kite, when well up, was guided until it became entangled with the string reaching to the others, and in that way all were pulled down to the ground. But it was impossible to control in the air such a confused mass of kites and strings. One kite hung head downward, held high in the air by the string running on

up to the higher kites, and soon the increased weight of this disabled and hanging kite rapidly carried down both the others. They came to the ground in good condition, but it was a long time before the various strings could be untangled and wound up.

EXPERIMENTS IN KITE-FLYING.

BY N. FREDERICK CARRYL.

DID you ever fly a kite? Of course you did, so I will not weary you with further questions.

We, young and old, in Nutley, a pretty little New Jersey town, enjoy kite-flying; and you may be interested in reading how we came to build a big kite—a monster, about the size of it, how it was constructed, and whether it was a success.

On the next page is a drawing of this kite from a photograph which I took some weeks after it was built.

Note how small my little girl, eight years old, is in comparison with the height and width of the kite. The drawing will show how the cords are attached to the frame, and on the ground you will see the kind of reel we used to hold our cord. In fact, it is a double reel, and will hold twice the quantity of cord we wound upon it.

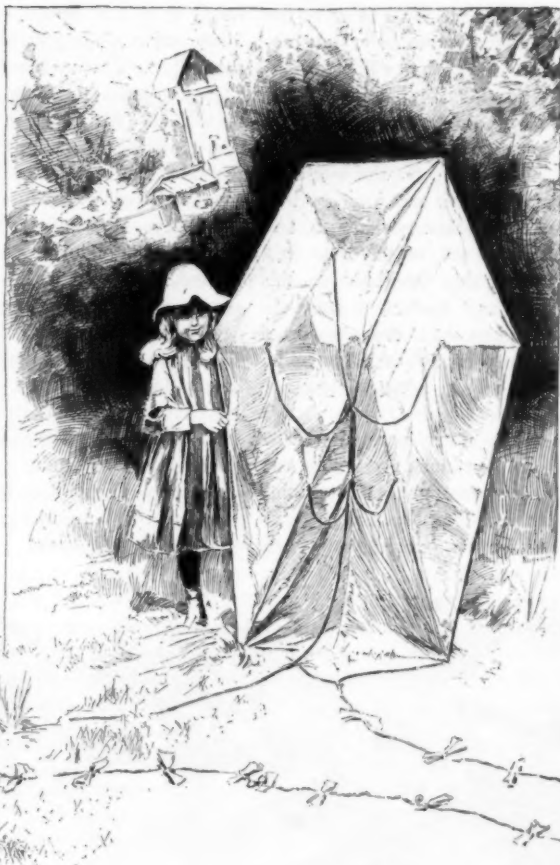
Having tried the new tailless kites with indifferent success, as the adjustment must be just so, my children begged me to make them a kite—"a large one, as tall as a man if possible." The idea rather caught my fancy, so I said, "You shall have a kite—no baby affair, either, but a real, grown-up kite."

The kite was made of cross-sticks six feet long, the middle stick four feet long, of five-eighths-inch clear pine, tapering to five sixteenths of an inch at the ends; and the frame was covered with four yards of twenty-six inch cherry-colored cambric. The tail was fifty feet long, having a quarter-page of newspaper rolled and knotted into the cord at every twelve inches, and a whole page rolled and tied to the end as a tassel.

We wound half a mile of "No. 24 hard-wound fish-net cord" upon a large multiplying-reel, and were ready for business.

At the first trial the kite would not fly. This was due to lack of sufficient wind for so large an affair, as we afterward discovered. A second attempt was entirely successful.

In a moderate breeze the kite rose from the ground (I had run with it about sixty feet), shook the long tail loose from the dry grass, and mounted rapidly toward the clouds. We checked the quick flight of this aerial machine by giving the cord a



"A REAL, GROWN-UP KITE."

turn round a piece of broomstick. Becoming excited, we paid out the cord more rapidly, and a smell of burning wood and a glance at the broomstick showed that our "brake" was cut half-way through!

We were now curious to know how much the pull really was, as we had all taken turns in holding the kite, and had made various wild estimates as to how much it pulled in pounds. Hav-

ing made the kite fast to a fence, while we rested, we brought out a large spring-balance, and hooked it to a loop in the cord. The balance showed a strain on the cord of over twenty pounds.

We found it hard to get the kite in; one child turned the crank on the reel, while I "walked" the kite in, with the cord over my shoulder, as if towing a boat.

Our third trial was made while a strong, high wind was blowing. No trouble about going up quickly, this time! The kite seemed fairly bewitched and mounted skyward like an immense bird, as if the few pine sticks and piece of cambric had suddenly become alive. The broomstick brake smoked, our gloves were torn, and our fingers burned. We paid out about one half the cord (a quarter of a mile), just past a knot in the line. No attempt was made to measure the tension, but no doubt the pull was about all the cord could stand.

Flying the kite for the first time, and noting the great tension on the cord, I concluded that some method of lessening the strain must be provided. I decided to put spiral springs, of about five pounds tension each, on the lower

stay-cords. These allow the lower edge of the kite to tip up as the wind increases, which presents less resistance to the air. The springs relieved the strain, but I have since concluded that they should have been weaker.

The children wanted to ride in their cart, making the kite pull them. So the kite-cord was tied to the pole of the cart, the children sprang in (I held the slack cord behind), and away they went along a soft, muddy road, at a lively rate. We found that, like coasting, this sport had its drawbacks. In fact, to draw the kite to the starting-point each time was hard work. A straightaway course of a few miles would be great fun, with a horse to assist in the return trip.

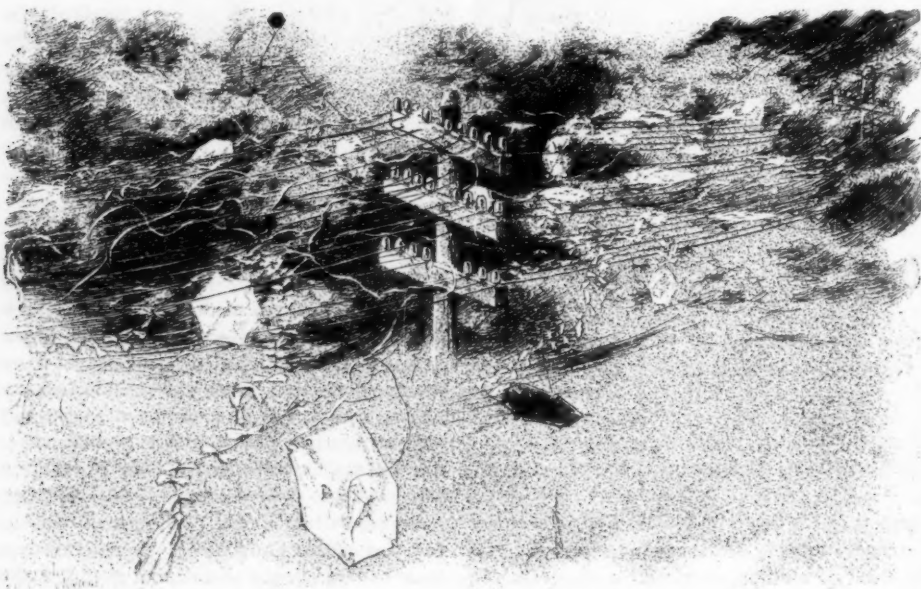
As there seemed to be much more power than was necessary to pull a small cart with two children in it (Margery was eight and Fred ten), I got into the cart, with my legs hanging outside. The kite pulled me over the same soft

road, at a fair speed, the cord, tight as a fiddle-string, singing an airy accompaniment to the children's merry shouts and laughter.

Not to make too long a story, I must begin to reel in. We could not succeed in pulling down our aerial pet. The cord parted near the knot, and the kite sailed away toward the Passaic River, which flows about one mile east of Nutley. Half an hour later it was discovered in a field, three quarters of a mile from where it started, but none the worse for its trip to the clouds and fall to earth again.

We are now talking of a kite to be twelve feet high and about eight feet across, but it seems doubtful whether such a monster could be controlled without a number of springs and trap-doors that will open easily to let the stronger puffs of wind through.

Perhaps Kite Clubs will be a feature of the near future. Kite-flying is certainly a healthy, elevating amusement.



SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY.

BY REV. GEORGE MCARTHUR.

A SCOTTISH clergyman who died nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Leishman of Kinross, used to tell that he had once been seven years without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that, if he had been born on the 29th of February, he would have no birthday except in a leap-year. But leap-year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only; their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who in fact was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion. At the present time there can be very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 29th of February at least ninety-six years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and indeed there are no doubt some readers of this page who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be very widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap-year and 1900 will not be. The February of the present year had twenty-nine days; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight.

This explanation, however, like many others, itself needs to be explained; and the purpose of this short paper is to give a plain account of the leap-years and of the reasons for them. And the reader who casts his eye in advance over what follows has no cause to be alarmed at the sprinkling of figures he sees. There are here only a few of the simplest facts of astronomy and a few fragments of somewhat interesting history, put together by the aid of a little arithmetic which any young reader may figure out.

It will be convenient to speak of 1800, 1900, etc., as "century years"; and here there is another thing that puzzles many people—the question, When does the century end? It is well known that the century in which an event occurs is not ordinarily that which figures of the year suggest: thus 1616, the date of Shakspeare's death, is not in the sixteenth century but in the seventeenth, and this century in which we now live, in 1892, is the nineteenth. The rash guesser therefore jumps to the conclusion that the century ends when the line of eighteens is completed; that is, at the close of 1899. But this is not the case. A century is a group of a hundred years; the first century, beginning with the year 1, must end with the year 100, the second century with 200, and so on—each century taking its name from the year which completes it. The nineteenth century, then, ends with the year 1900, and the twentieth begins with the 1st day of January, 1901.

But, to return to our leap-years, why is it that there have to be such years—that all our years are not of the same length? It arises from the fact that the year does not consist of an exact number of days. The length of the day and that of the year are the measures of the motions of the earth. The globe we live on moves in two ways. It turns itself round like a spinning top, and at the same time it goes steadily forward like a bullet shot from a gun. It turns itself once completely round in twenty-four of our hours as shown by the clock: this amount of time we call a *day*. Its forward or onward motion carries it round the sun in a path that is nearly a circle: the time it takes to go completely round we call a *year*. The first motion gives us day and night following each other in turn (the word "day" here having now a different meaning—namely, not twenty-four hours, but the time of daylight). The second motion gives us days (that is, periods of daylight) grow-

ing gradually longer and then gradually shorter, one end of the earth turning more toward the sun for half the time and the other end for the other half; and this brings us summer and winter and the other seasons. Now the length of the year is found to be nearly $365\frac{1}{4}$ times the length of the day of twenty-four hours; that is, the year is 365 days long and nearly 6 hours more. It is these 6 hours that give us our leap-years, and it is in the "nearly" that we find the reason for 1900 not being one of their number.

To understand the whole matter, we have to go back to about half a century before the birth of Christ, and have to halt at the fourth and sixteenth centuries on our return. Down to the time of that great warrior, and writer about his wars, Julius Cæsar, there had been no little confusion in the modes of reckoning the months and days of the year—a state of things which he, with the assistance of an astronomer named Sosigenes, set himself to remedy.

The scheme which Cæsar adopted has been called from him the Julian Calendar; with a very few changes, it regulated the reckoning of time for fully sixteen hundred years from its introduction, on the 1st of January of the year 45 before Christ.

The length of the year was fixed at $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, and the odd quarters were gathered up into a day at the end of every four years; after three years of 365 days there was always one of 366. This is just our leap-year.

Our next stopping-place is in the year 325 after Christ, when a great church council was held at Nicæa, or Nice, in Asia Minor. The Council of Nice was largely occupied with the question of the proper time for observing Easter, and laid down regulations by which the date of that festival is still determined. Easter falls on the Sunday after the full moon which is on or comes next after the 21st of March; only it is to be noticed that the "full moon" of the church is not in every case the full moon of our almanacs.

As time passed on, it was seen that there was an error in the calendar, which was gradually increasing. The year had been made too long, for it was really not quite so much as $365\frac{1}{4}$ days; and occurrences depending on the earth's

movement round the sun, such as the solstices (when the length of the daylight is greatest or least) and the equinoxes (when the days and nights are of equal length), were returning at dates that were becoming earlier and earlier. The date of the spring equinox was of particular importance because the celebration of Easter had been made to depend upon it. This equinox came round with perfect regularity, and astronomers could tell the time of it exactly; but according to the calendar the date of it was changing. When Julius Cæsar arranged the months in his calendar the equinox was on the 25th of March; but it had fallen back to the 21st of March at the time of the Council of Nice, and to the 11th in the sixteenth century. The reason of this was not in the equinoxes, but in the length that had been assigned to the year. The leap-year day had been added too often—once too often in about 128 years.

When a clock has for a time been going too fast or too slow, two things have to be done: it has to be altered, first, so that it may go at the proper speed, and, secondly, so that it may show the correct time; it has to be regulated, and it has to be set right. With regard to what might be called the clock of the year, or rather of the calendar or the almanac, the first of these corrections is by far the more important; but both were attended to in the sixteenth century. This supposed clock of the year had been going too slow, but it was made go faster by the year which it measured off being made a very little shorter; and the clock was at the same time set forward.

All this was done by Pope Gregory XIII., or under his direction, and the result is the calendar now in almost universal use, named from him the Gregorian Calendar.

The shortening of the year, so that the equinoxes, etc., might no longer fall back, was brought about in a very ingenious way. The number of years having 366 days had to be reduced somehow, for the dates had been going back at the rate of about one day in 128 years. It was observed that this made a very little more than three days in 400 years; and then it was further seen that these three days could be got by grouping the century years in fours like the years in general and making only one in every

four of *them* a leap-year. In ordinary course these years were all leap-years; but, by a decree which Pope Gregory issued in 1582, it was ordered that after the year 1600 there should be three of the century years with 365 days and the fourth with 366. The well-known rule for finding what years are leap-years applies to the century years only after their two ciphers are cut off. It may be stated thus: *Divide the date-number of the year by 4; if there is no remainder it is a leap-year. Should the date-number end with two ciphers, these are to be struck off before dividing.* As the groups of four years ending with a leap-year always start afresh after each century year, the division of the last two figures by 4 will be sufficient (as 92 instead of 1892); and the rule may be given thus: *Divide by 4 the last two figures of the date-number, but the first two when the last two are ciphers; if there is no remainder the year is a leap-year.* It will be seen that, as 18 and 19 are not divisible by 4 without remainder, 1800 and 1900 are not leap-years, but, as 20 is so divisible, 2000 is one.

Our leap-years have thus been accounted for, as well as that interruption of their occurrence which leaves some persons for seven years without a birthday. The change that was thus introduced does not secure absolute exactness, but it approaches this so nearly that the clock of the year will not need to be regulated again for something like thirty centuries. Astronomers tell us (and their computations are wonderfully precise) that the length of the year is about 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds. To add an extra day every four years, which is the uninterrupted leap-year method, is to make the year 365 days and 6 hours long; but this is 11 minutes and 14 seconds too much. The correction by omitting three leap-year days in four centuries, as has just been explained, reduced this by the four-hundredth part of three days, that is, by 10 minutes and 48 seconds. The year is thus still left too long by 26 seconds; but that surplus will barely amount to a day of 24 hours, or 86,400 seconds, in 3323 years; so the need for any further meddling with our leap-years is a very long way in the future.

The second of Gregory's alterations of the calendar has still to be described. He did

more than regulate the clock of the calendar; he also set it forward. This was, except in one respect, a change of little importance. The arrangement of the months is entirely arbitrary. There is nothing in nature to fix their order or to determine when any one should begin. The Roman year in the earliest times began with March, so that the months from September to December were the seventh to the tenth months, as appears in the names they still bear; and down to 1752 the legal year in England began with the 25th of March. (And this, by the way, explains to us why before that time dates from January to March were sometimes written as of two years—as, the 8th of February, 1728–29, or 1728, in what would now be called the year 1729.) There is no astronomical reason why the spring equinox should fall on the 21st of March any more than on the 11th or on the 25th. But there were ecclesiastical reasons. The Council of Nice had made Easter depend on the 21st of March, and it was thought advisable to make the equinox return to that date. This meant the dropping out of ten days from the calendar. Accordingly, Pope Gregory, in his decree already mentioned, ruled that the day coming after the 4th of October in 1582 should be the 15th and not the 5th of that month—there being in that year no 5th or 14th of October or any one of the days between. This “New Style” at once took the place of the “Old Style” in most of the Catholic countries and states, but was not adopted in England till 1752. By that time there had been two more century years, of which 1600 had been a leap-year and 1700 had not, and the difference between the styles had thus increased from ten days to eleven. In 1751 the British Parliament passed a law enacting that the day coming after the 2d of September, 1752, was to be not the 3d but the 14th. Notwithstanding the great advantages of this change, especially in facilitating intercourse with other countries, it met with not a little opposition, and some of its opponents kept for a time to the old mode of reckoning; indeed, even in the early part of the present century, O. S. dates were not uncommon. The New Style is that now in use in all so-called civilized countries except Russia, which, on account of 1800, is now in this re-

spect twelve days behind the rest of the world, and is likely to be thirteen days behind eight years hence.

An addition to the calendar such as is made in a leap-year is called an "intercalation"; the added day is said to be "intercalated," and is known as an "intercalary" day. The month in which the intercalary day of the leap-years has been placed has all along been February. Throughout its whole history this has been the most unstable of the months. It has formed a kind of quarry from which materials have been dug for repairing the rest of the calendar. January and February found their way into the calendar together—January at the beginning and February at the end of the year. Then February was put after January, as the second month instead of the last. Julius Cæsar gave the alternate months, January, March, May, July, September, and November, thirty-one days each and the others thirty, except February, which had its thirty in leap-years of 366 days and only twenty-nine in ordinary years of 365. This arrangement, which is greatly better than our present irregular scheme of months, was upset to gratify the vanity of Augustus. Cæsar had called the month Quintilis by his name Julius—our July; and so Augustus, though he had done nothing

to reform the calendar, must have his month as well, and he must have it as long, too, as that of Julius. The month Sextilis was accordingly named Augustus,—our August,—and its thirty days were increased by one, of which poor February had, of course, to suffer the loss. This brought that month's twenty-nine or thirty days down to the twenty-eight or twenty-nine it has now. And the change made by Augustus, or at least in his interest, did not end there; it affected all the following months, September and November being reduced to thirty and October and December increased to thirty-one—possibly because it seemed awkward to have three months of thirty-one days (July, August, and September) together.

To the inquiry why the leap-years are so called there appears to be no satisfactory answer. What connection, it may be asked and has been asked, was the year or the added day supposed to have with a leap or with leaping? Were these years regarded as coming with leaps or bounds, as contrasted with the steps or paces of other years? Did days or years leap over something, or were they themselves somehow leaped over? All this seems matter for conjecture; and there is nothing left for us but to fall back on The Century Dictionary's statement, "The exact reason of the name is unknown."

BRUNO AND JIM.

By M. F. J.

WHEN Bruno's dinner was brought to him by Susan, the cook, he was not hungry. She was going out, and so fetched it earlier than usual.

"There," she said to herself; "it's quite a step to the end of the garden, and if I forgot the poor dog, no one else would take the trouble to feed him, so I'll go while I think of it."

You see, Susan was kind to animals, and could not bear to have them neglected.

So she put down the plate with the big bone

beside Bruno's little house, and gently patted his head. Bruno jumped up on his hind legs, and tugged at his chain, wishing he might go with Susan. But she said:

"No, old fellow; Susan cannot take you to-day, for she has to go to town, so take care of the house, and eat your nice dinner."

But the cook did not know what was going to happen.

It was a hot afternoon, and Bruno lay down in front of his little house and thought.

He thought how pleasant it would be to go to town with Susan—there was so much to amuse one in town. He thought how dull it was to have to stay at the end of the garden. There was nothing to see but some stupid flowers, and trees, and blue sky. "I 'll take a nap," he thought; "nothing happens here."

For Bruno did not know that something would happen, any more than the cook did.

So he stretched out his paws, and putting his head on them, he was soon fast asleep.

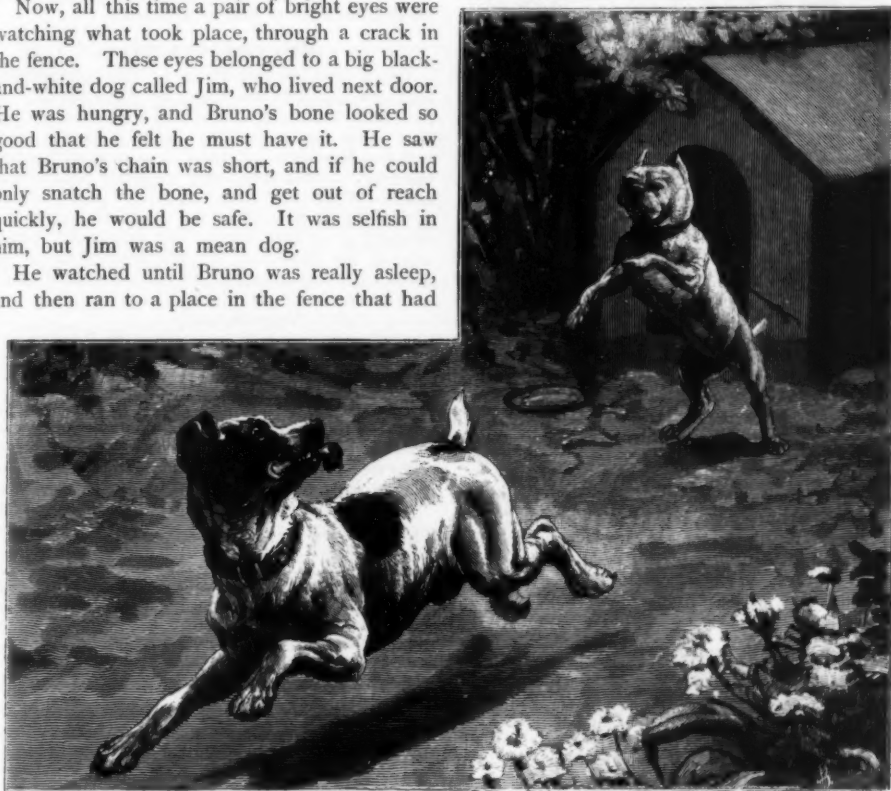
Now, all this time a pair of bright eyes were watching what took place, through a crack in the fence. These eyes belonged to a big black-and-white dog called Jim, who lived next door. He was hungry, and Bruno's bone looked so good that he felt he must have it. He saw that Bruno's chain was short, and if he could only snatch the bone, and get out of reach quickly, he would be safe. It was selfish in him, but Jim was a mean dog.

He watched until Bruno was really asleep, and then ran to a place in the fence that had

fell with a rattling sound against the plate. Bruno woke and jumped up, barking loudly.

But Jim did not intend to lose the bone, for which he had taken so much trouble, and snatching it, this time firmly, he bounded away. Poor Bruno rattled his chain, barking fiercely.

He made so much noise that the children who were playing in the garden heard him, and came to see what was the matter. You may be sure that Jim was by this time out of sight on the other side of the fence.



been broken, where he thought he could get through. But it had been nicely mended. He ran wildly back and forth until he found a place where he could just squeeze through.

Then, very slowly and quietly he came, gliding along, nearer and nearer, until he was within reach of the bone. He made a wild leap, and snatched the bone, but in his hurry, it

The children could not see anything wrong, and thought Bruno was barking at some one who had passed in the road.

But, as they were going away, Paul, the oldest boy, saw the empty plate, and said:

"I believe no one has given Bruno his dinner, for Susan is out. I will run and get it." So, after all, Bruno had his dinner.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BLESS me! How this earth travels! The dear Little Schoolma'am wonders it does not have nervous prostration. For thousands of years it has been spinning around, day and night, and at the same time journeying unceasingly around the sun, giving us season after season, month after month. Lately, we had winter, now we have spring; last time it was March, now it is April, welcome and true as any of the twelve.

My friends, the poets, are fond of calling April fickle, changeable, easily upset, so to speak; but that is not quite the way to look at her. Now what I like about April is her constancy, her faithful steadiness of purpose. She is always to be depended upon—always ready to give us the benefit of variety. Besides, she never sulks, as, for instance, November and February too often do. No, she either smiles or she weeps outright, and often she indulges in both performances at the same moment. At one time I thought her rather trifling, but I was wrong.

Learn of her, my children! April's kindergarten is always open. Every boy and girl, even the youngest, can understand her pretty object-lessons. She shows plainly that she expects them never to lose temper, never to hold a cloud any longer than is necessary, and, above all, to be always on the alert for every sunbeam that comes along.

HERE is an account of a beautiful creature which was found last August, and ever since seems to have been

ASLEEP BUT BUSY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR JACK: On August 16th of last year I found a caterpillar. It was about four inches long and very fat. It had a small head, twelve rings, and eight pairs of legs. It had eight knobs on each ring. Its colors were beautiful: the body was light blue-green, and five pairs of legs were yellow and blue, and three pairs were yellow. Two

of the knobs on each ring were yellow, with black points; the others were a beautiful blue. I put it into a basket with some maple leaves, and the caterpillar began to weave its cocoon right away. The cocoon is over three inches long, and light brown. I do not know of which moth this is the caterpillar. Will you please tell me? I like to study insects very much, and will be glad to know more about this caterpillar. Yours truly,

MIRIAM C—.

WELL, the dear Little Schoolma'am, being interested by this letter, sent a copy of it to Mrs. Ballard, who knows a great deal about insects of all sorts, and here is that lady's reply. Let me say, right here, that Jack and the Little Schoolma'am thank her very much, and so doubtless will you and many another member of this congregation.

MRS. BALLARD'S REPLY.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The caterpillar so well and minutely described by "Miriam C.," of St. Louis, is doubtless that of the *Attacus cecropia*. The large brown cocoon holds a secret which will give Miriam a delightful surprise at its "spring opening,"—this large and elegantly ornamented moth. While the "blue" and the "green" do not appear in its new dress, the exquisite figures and shading of richest brown and gray make ample amends for their loss. A full description of this moth from egg to imago is to be found in "Moths and Butterflies," published in New York.

Very sincerely,

JULIA P. BALLARD.

IT 'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

I TOLD you last month that I might show you some of the budget of letters about counting an English billion. So now you shall have a few of their well-considered arguments. The Little Schoolma'am says the Deacon had a reason for saying "English" billion, for that is one million millions, or one thousand times the French or the American billion, which is only one thousand millions.

DEAR JACK: You ask in the Christmas number why no man could count an English billion. It would take a man over 31,000 years to do so, if he counted day and night at the rate of sixty a minute, and did not stop to eat or drink. That, of course, is impossible, as no one could do it. JOSEPHINE I—.

DEAR JACK: By figuring it all out, I came to the following conclusion: By counting as fast as I can, I managed to count 10 a second; and, as there are 60 seconds in a minute, 10 has to be multiplied by 60, which makes 600; and, as there are 60 minutes in an hour, 600 has to be multiplied by 60, which makes it 36,000; and, if the man counts 14 hours a day, it would be 14 times 36,000, or 504,000; and, as there are 365 days in a year, 504,000 has to be multiplied by 365, which makes it 183,960,000; and, if the man lives even 90 years, it will but make it 16,556,400,000, which is not by any means an English billion; which proves that the Deacon is right.

Your interested reader,

HORACE G—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number the Deacon says: "The man does not live who can count a billion." Say a man lives 100 years. In these years

there are 3,183,600,000 seconds. But to say 999,999,999 would require about ten seconds or more, and nearly every other number up to one billion would require more than one second in which to say it. Then there are a few years at the beginning of his life in which he couldn't count, even if he lived longer than 100 years.

Yours truly,
C. MAY S—.

DEAR JACK: I counted up to a thousand, and found that it took ten minutes. I then found that a person could count 15,024,000 in one year, counting eight hours a day and not counting Sundays. And it would take sixty-six years to count a billion; and papa says that a person could not count more than two years without going crazy; so that it would be impossible for a person to count even an American billion. From

M. E. B.

DEAR JACK: It would take a man over nine years to count 1,000,000,000, without stopping for meals or sleep. I send you my figures.

Your faithful follower, JULIAN V. B—.

HERE is an indignant letter that came many weeks ago:

"WAS YOU?" INDEED!

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK: I have just read with interest, though not with approval, Laura Price's letter.* I don't agree with her at all, for it seems to me that *you was* is an ugly and entirely unreasonable form.

If the "real learned grown-up folks" Laura speaks of think it proper to go back to the old *thou art, thou wert*, etc., I shall not mind using this form to my intimate friends, as the French and Germans do. But to say *you was* is another story.

I suppose that, strictly speaking, it is wrong to say *you*, meaning one person. For, in the beginning, I am sure *you* was the plural form only. But of course after it has been accepted for hundreds of years, it becomes right through long usage, and nobody questions it. Nevertheless, it has never been used with a singular verb, and it seems to me that to use it so now is acting on the principle that two wrongs make a right, which, as you know, they never can.

Besides, *you is* is not the form for the second person, at all. It is used only with the first and third persons, and there seems to me no possible reason in favor of using it for the second. Also, I should like to ask Laura whether, in the present tense of the same verb, it is proper to say *you am* or *you is*?

Yours sincerely, BERTHA BROOKS R—.

SPRING NOVELTIES.

THE Little Schoolma'am tells me that they are now making ladies' purses and gentlemen's cigar-cases and other articles out of snakeskin!

Well, well! I am astonished. Snakes can squirm themselves into almost anything, but, beautiful though they are, I never dreamed that they would work their way into human fashions.

By the way, I doubt if any of you ever have learned by observation that

A SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN.

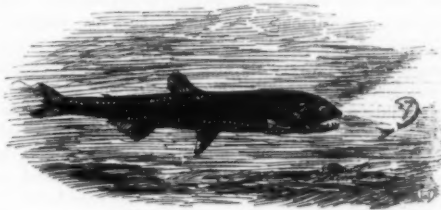
THIS would be a very obliging act on the part of the snake, considering the purses and cigar-cases, if the cast-off skin were not too thin to be good for anything. A friend of the dear Little Schoolma'am, who has been reading an account of this operation,

tells me that on the 18th of last March one of the common sort of New Jersey snakes known as *Eutania sirtalis* was caught and placed in the vivarium of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Here it was observed by a learned doctor, who saw it come out of the water and shrug itself an instant on the grassy sod; then the skin parted at the jaws, and the creature soon crawled out of it, leaving the skin inside out.

A SCIENTIFIC JINGLE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Don't you

Really think that it is time
Some one sent a scientific
Item, couched in jingling rime?
I do. I've just read a paper
By John Lubbock (whose odd name
Will sound queer as Amos Cottle's)
When it fills the Trump of Fame).
It was from "The Senses, Instincts,
And Intelligence of Animals," a book just written
By this widely learned man.
Here he tells of a "Photichthys,"
Swimming near the ocean's bed,
Carrying a bull's-eye lantern
Neatly mounted in its head.



We might call this fish, "Policeman,"
Were it not that all its prey
When 't is caught at once is eaten
In a most illegal way!
There 's another deep-sea "Angler,"
Which hangs out a danger-light,
A red lantern in the ocean
Shining softly, glowing bright.



Should some curious fish approach it,
Wondering what it 's all about,
Grins *Cerattias bispinosus*,
And the stranger soon finds out.
With this verse I send two drawings—
Merely sketches, meant to show
What these lantern-bearers look like.
Should you meet them, now you 'll know.
BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHITTIER'S stirring lines, "The Hero," at the end of Mrs. Richards's interesting account of her father, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who was the subject of the poem, are given to our readers in this number by the kind permission of Mr. Whittier's publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN regard to the "Story of the Swiss Glacier," in the present number, the author sends the following note, giving the facts upon which it is based:

—The story of the glacier is founded on an incident mentioned by Gruner, one of the first writers on Switzerland. In his "Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes" (Ice Mountains of Switzerland), published in 1760, he says (Vol. III., p. 208): "About thirty years ago the dead body of a boy was washed out from under the glacier at the Grimsel, without there having been the slightest mention of any one having been lost there for many years. At last a very old man remembered that, eighty years before, a boy of the same size, a relative of his, had fallen into a glacier-crevasse somewhere in this region. Upon this, the corpse was in fact identified as that of the boy in question; but in spite of his having been buried beneath the ice for eighty years, he looked as fresh as if he had lost his life only a few days before." Gruner also declares that "there are still living many witnesses to the truth of the story."

A more recent similar case is that of the three guides of Dr. Hamel, who, in 1820, were lost in a crevasse near the summit of Mont Blanc. Their bodies appeared forty-one years later (in 1861) near the foot of the Glacier des Boissons (which comes down from Mont Blanc), about ten thousand feet lower than the spot where they were lost, and a little over five miles distant from it. All three of the men were positively recognized from the color of their hair. Some of the articles found, although of a fragile nature, were preserved quite perfectly. These were a silk veil, a cotton cravat, the face of a compass, even a leg of mutton, which still retained something of its original appearance.

This case is perfectly authenticated in all its details, and at Annecy the relics are preserved in the museum of the village. Various accounts of the occurrence have been published, but the best and fullest is that given by Durier in "Le Mont Blanc" (Paris, 1877), pp. 391-421.

SINCE the publication of the historical sketch, "A Curious Relic," in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, we have received a letter from Mrs. Louisa B. Gaston, of Boston, Massachusetts, stating that her father, Mr.

Laban S. Beecher, was undoubtedly the man who carved the head of President Jackson described in Miss Bisland's paper.

The fact is referred to also in the letter printed below:

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In making some genealogical researches undertaken to occupy my mind during a tedious illness, a short time since, I ran across the record, published about eight years ago, of the man who carved the image of General Jackson, referred to in your October number in the article, "A Curious Relic," and also a note giving a brief account of the amputation of the head, which, it seems, was a Fourth-of-July escapade of one of a mischievous set, and had but little political significance. One of the ears was cut off and sent to the late Mordecai M. Noah, of New York City. But to return to the man who carved the image. He was Laban Smith Beecher, a distant relative of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and did an extensive and prosperous business in figureheads and in wood-carving generally, and also in leather. He made large investments in the West, but was always a resident of Roxbury, now a part of Boston. He died while on a visit in the West, in 1876, at the age of seventy-one years. One of his daughters is the wife of Ex-Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts; another is the wife of General Henry W. Fuller, a distinguished officer of the Union Army during the Rebellion, and now a resident of Boston. The man Sewall, who, in Miss Bisland's interesting account, claimed the honor of carving the image, was probably in Mr. Beecher's employ as a carver.

Very truly yours, H. W. C.—

ANOTHER letter about the same sketch gives an interesting account of the man who sawed off the figurehead:

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot claim to be one of the young subscribers, but please allow me a few words. The delightful articles throughout the magazine have lost none of their zest for me, and "A Curious Relic," by Margaret Bisland, made me wish heartily that all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS had enjoyed the privilege of knowing well Captain Samuel W. Dewey, who sawed off the figurehead of the frigate "Constitution." Never shall I forget how we children enjoyed that tale,—as well as many similar ones,—our bedtime hour being forgotten by the elder members of the family, who, also, were deeply interested. We know the thrilling story almost by heart. Captain Dewey was alone when he rowed out to the bow of the frigate, and the night was wild and stormy.

During the summer of 1890, Captain Dewey, then eighty-four years old, stayed a month with us, and we begged again for the story. He read us a newspaper clipping, much worn, describing his interview with Mahlon Dickerson, the Secretary of the Navy. He is also known for the famous "Dewey Diamond," found over thirty years ago in Virginia. It was then the largest diamond ever found in America. He is very fond of precious stones, and used to have most mysterious little pockets, from which, to our open-mouthed wonder, he would produce his treasures, and we were allowed to examine them to our hearts' content.

I wish, too, that you could see the so-called "flexible

sandstone," itacolumite. Mr. Dewey owns a place in North Carolina where this sandstone is. He always carries with him a long, narrow, flat piece, perhaps eight inches long. Holding the extreme ends you can easily bend it, making it bow at least half an inch. Very pretty crystals are found in this sandstone.

When we last saw him he was a hale, hearty man, full of vigor as well as brimming over with a delightful fund

of knowledge which he dearly loves to impart to others. He declares he is not going to die for years to come.

Longfellow has written a beautiful poem, "The Iron Pen," to "Beautiful Helen of Maine." The handle of the pen he celebrates is made from the wood of the frigate Constitution.

From an admirer of dear ST. NICHOLAS and brave Captain Dewey. Sincerely, ZADDEE S. D—.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HELENSBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter any of us has ever written you, although you have come to our house from the very beginning. At Christmas my little sisters and I (Norah is nine, Tina is seven, and I am twelve) acted a little play, which we wrote ourselves, called "The Flower Fairies." After the play I recited Milton's "L'Allegro," Norah recited "John Gilpin," and we finished up with "The Feast of Nations," from ST. NICHOLAS. Each of us did the verses we could act best. We call our best doll "Lady Jane."

Your loving reader,
MARGARET MURIEL G—.

LAPEER, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a little more than six years, and enjoy you more than ever. I am nearly twelve years old. I have a sister who is sixteen years of age. Mama reads to me every Sunday afternoon. Chester Johnson, a chum of mine, takes you, and enjoys reading you just as much as I do, and that's saying a good deal, I can tell you. Good-by.

Your loving reader, CHARLES H. W—.

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. Last summer I went to Europe. While I was there I saw the Queen of England in Hyde Park. She was going to the christening of her great-grandchild. She rode in a splendid coach, with outriders before and behind and on each side. She came back soon, so I saw her twice. I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours sincerely, JOHN R—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for two years, and I like it very much. I have a Russian horse. He was bred in the breeding-stables of the Grand Duke Nicholas, near Moscow. His name is Leo; it means lion. He belongs to the breed that Count Orloff brought from Arabia, and he is the only one of his kind in this country. He was brought over by a Russian gentleman and given to my father. He can kneel down, and march, and do other tricks.

Yours truly,
T. G. T—.

RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two girls, and we live in Richmond, Virginia.

Our names are Helena, and Evelyn, and, though I, Helena, am a loyal British subject and Evelyn is a stanch little Southerner, we rarely quarrel, and it is never about our nationalities.

I have no brothers or sisters, but Evelyn has a very sweet little brother, and one big one who throws cushions at her when she primps before the looking-glass.

Your most devoted readers,

HELENA T. L—.
EVELYN C. G—.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl almost eleven years old. I want to tell you about a visit I made last May to South Dakota. My mama and little sister went, too. We visited my cousin, who owns a large farm of a thousand acres, most of it planted in wheat and flax.

The barn, with its eighty stalls and big hay-loft where we used to roll and tumble in the hay, was a jolly place for us children to play, but I think we enjoyed most of all the little chickens that were just hatched. They were so soft and downy, just like little puffballs.

We saw a great many poor farmers who had only sod houses for themselves, and still poorer shelter for their stock.

VIRGINIA B—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have traveled quite a good deal. I have been south to Georgia, Florida, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and all over the South. I have been west to Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Lincoln (Nebraska), and a great many other places. I like the West very much. But I think, of all the places, Washington is the nicest to live in. I like everything about it, and there are so many different places of interest to visit. While I was in Washington I shook hands with President Harrison,— "my president,"—and I think he is lovely. I also visited General Grant not long before he died, and went up to see him. He asked me my name, and I told him, and he kissed me and said, "You're a nice little girl." I was quite young then, but it is something I will never forget. Your faithful and loving reader,

M. EVELYN Q—.

ADEN, ARABIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My last letter was sent from Japan. I have now left Japan to return to the United States *via* Europe. When we were at Hong-Kong we went to the top of Victoria Peak. Half-way we went in a cable-car; the other part we walked. The cars are so made that one car goes up and the other down at the same time. The scenery from the top is beautiful. The harbor and town on one side, with the ships; on the other are small islands in the sea. It is cool up on the mountain. We saw the house and garden of a rich Parsee. There were statues in the garden. The public gardens also are fine. At Singapore the street-cars are run by steam. We are going to visit Palestine, Egypt, Italy,

France, and England. I am not now taking St. NICHOLAS, because I am traveling about, but expect to when I get to America.

Yours truly,

W. J. H—.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The more I read you the more I like you, for I always find something splendid in each number. Pretty often, when I am looking in the Letter-box, I see some poetry written by some of your readers. I love to make up poetry, and send you some verses of my own. Your devoted reader,

"MARGUERITE."

SANTA CUSH.

PAPA, sitting in his chair,
Talking business to a friend,—
An old man, with beard and hair
White as snow-drifts in December,—
Scarcely noticed blue-eyed Ted,
In a cunning little dress,
Gold curls clustering round his head,
As did all the rest of us.

Teddie gazed in mild surprise
At the stranger sitting there.
Then—then brightly shone his eyes,
And soft gleamed his yellow hair,
As with dainty baby grace
O'er the carpet he did rush,
Gazed up in the old man's face,
And lisped out sweetly, "Santa Cush!"

ROTHESAY TERRACE, EDINBURGH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since 1880, and we all agree that you are the nicest magazine we have ever seen.

I have not written to you before, though you are so old a friend. I am surprised that more children do not write to you from Scotland, because quite a number there take you. We have two dogs—one of them is a setter named "Glen," the other a small mongrel. We also have two canaries, and one funny, wee bird called a zebra finch.

I go to school here, but Archie and Margaret have a governess. They are my little brother and sister. The boys do not play base-ball in Scotland, but they play cricket, which is the same sort of game. We go north every summer, and have a "shooting," which is a great piece of ground, either woodland or hills, to shoot grouse, partridges, rabbits, etc., on. We play rounders and others games in the gardens close to where we live. I have never been abroad, out of the British Isles, but perhaps I will go soon. My father and mother were in America seven years ago, and what interested my mother more than anything was Wellesley College, for girls, near Boston.

I am twelve years old. I am your loving reader,

VERA B—.

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you in our family for seventeen years, and I have taken you for seven. I always enjoy your stories, and find one in this month's number especially interesting to me, describing a man-faced crab. I recognize the crab as like one that was brought to me from the South Sea Islands. Mine has quite an interesting history. I was told that this funny-looking face was an exact likeness of the chief god of

the Chinese, hence it is considered holy and revered by them. It is also believed to possess the charm of preserving its owner from every misfortune. Armed with his little crab, Ah Sing sailed from his home in China, fully expecting it would protect him and land him safely on the American coast, notwithstanding our laws forbidding Chinese immigration. Regardless of his talisman, however, the American authorities prevented his landing, and placing him in a boat, he was taken to the South Sea Islands, where my friend one day found him in a most desolate condition, grieving over the crab. Ah Sing related his sad tale of woe, and felt that the gods had forsaken him. My friend became interested in his story, and tried to buy the crab; but under no consideration would he part with it. Knowing the man needed money, my friend offered him a five-dollar gold piece. The temptation was too great to be resisted, the crab was sold, and my friend gave it to me.

Your constant reader,

CLARA B—.

HARTLAND, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years. I want to tell you about a funny thing that happened a little while ago. An owl came down the chimney into a fireplace which is never used, and began to flutter about. My aunt went to see what it was, and saw two big yellow eyes glaring through the iron grating. She thought it must be a cat, but when she took away the grating, out flew the owl. When it was caught, it stiffened out and seemed to be dead; so we put it into a covered box and went back into the parlor. In a little while we heard the box-cover rattle; and on going to see what was the matter, found the owl as lively as ever. He escaped from our hands, and flew about the house all night. When he was caught in the morning he again pretended to be dead. We put him out of doors, and have not seen him since.

Your faithful reader,

MARY G. P—.

LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your beautiful stories now for three years. I am only ten years old, and have nothing interesting to tell you such as other little girls have. But I can tell you this: I live in Lincoln; it is named for President Lincoln; even the old hotel and the court-house where he practised law are standing in Postville, one of its suburbs.

The electric street-cars have just begun to go to and fro, and we are very proud of them.

I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your constant little reader,

EDITH T—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Matie K. G., Bessie H., Winifred S. S., Arthur F. S., G. A. K., Jennie S., Charlotte R. L., Jeannette E. B., Annie W., Florence W., Adaline and Anita M., Virginia T. and Kathleen McM., Emily, Saidee H. K., Beatrice I., Burt G., Barry M., Eleanor W. M., Margaretta K., Harry G. E., H. L. D., Eva H., Ashley P. C., J. H. H., A. J. C., Bessie W., W. A. N., C. G., Willis G. J., Agnes E. S., Elsie B. B., John A. S., Jr., Henrietta M. H., Hortense C., Herman W., Grace W. D., Carrie N., Georgette F., Cora M., Edith H. T., Flora and Edith, Sadie P., Roy B., Annie K. P., Alice L. J., Eleanor G., Allie S. D., Helen M. L., Belle U. H., Willie M., Mary E. V., Edith I. P., R. A. W., Adelaide B., Harriet B., Helen J. H., Floyd R. J., Susy L., Ruth T. T., V. E. R., Margaret K., Elmer G. B., Jennie C. T., May T., Edna B. and Alice D., C. H. P., Nellie K. S., Maurice M., Grace B. F., B. S. M. and S. L., Beatrice E. L., Adelaide S. D., Isabel B. T., and Victor E. S.



THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

NOVEL OCTAGON. Across: 1. Breed. 2. Rollo. 3. Ellen. 4. Elevator. 5. Donative. 6. Tires. 7. Overt. 8. Rests.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, downward, Martin Luther; finals, upward, Luther Martin. Cross-words: 1. Meridian. 2. Ai. 3. Repent. 4. Terror. 5. Idea. 6. Norm. 7. Loiter.

8. Umpire. 9. Through. 10. Hamlet. 11. Emu. 12. Recoil. MARCH DIAMONDS. 1. M. 2. Mab. 3. Model. 4. Madison. 5. Beset. 6. Lot. 7. N. H. 8. C. 2. Dam. 3. Delos. 4. Calhoun. 5. Moore. 6. Sue. 7. N.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. 1. Lady. 2. Mountain. 3. Wheat. 4. Fruit. 5. Hoe. 6. Pan. 7. Marble. 8. Nut. 9. Cup. 10. Plum. 11. Corn. 12. Sponge. 13. Angel. 14. Fish.

LETTER PUZZLE. Begin at T in slot. "The rougher March, the fairer May."

AN URBAN PUZZLE. 1. Adelaide. 2. Florence. 3. Sophia. 4. Rome. 5. Sydney. 6. Washington. 7. Fez. 8. Havana. 9. Panama. 10. Derby. 11. Cork. 12. Toulouse. 13. Leghorn. 14. Astrakhan. 15. Marseille. 16. New Castle. 17. Brussels. 18. Nottingham. 19. Naples. 20. Berne. 21. Columbus. 22. Bologna. 23. Rouen. 24. Malaga. 25. Lima. 26. Cayenne. 27. Turin.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—Dodo and Doder—Paul Reese—ThpIncom—Jo and I—"Uncle Mung"—"The Tivoli Gang"—"The McGa"—Annie M. Bingham—Rosalie S. Bloomingdale—"Alice Mildred Blanke and Co."—B. B. B.—C. W. Brown—Chester B. S.—"Leather-stocking"—"Arthur Gride"—"A Family Affair"—"The Spencers"—Gertrude H. Husted—L. O. E.—Ida, Alice, and Ollie—Josephine Sherwood—Hubert L. Binyan—"Adelante Villa"—Dad and Bill—E. M. G.—A. H. and R.—Aunt Kate, Mamma, and Jamie—Effie K. Talboys—Two of "The Wise Five"—"Lehte"—"Kamesit Girls"—Papa and Ed—Jessie Chapman—Harry Day Brigham—"We Three."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Thomas Crabb, 1—Maud and Margaret E., 2—A. A. Crane, 2—Helen N. Eckard, 1—"Only I," 1—Crosby Miller, 2—Louise and Ethel, 1—Mabel S. West, 1—Florence B. S., 1—Jas. R. Sharp, 5—Elaine S., 1—Majorie, 4—No Name, Chicago, 1—Grace I. Shirley, 1—May C. Francis, 2—Grace and Nannie, 6—Nellie M. Archer, 6—Lucy W. H. Joel, 1—Amanda E. T., 6—Eather L. Little, 1—M. W., 6—Grandpa, Papa, Alice, Clara, and Mary, 3—Julian C. Smith, 6—Blanche and Fred, 6—Harold R. Hastings, 4—Ludwig and Anna, 6—"May and 79," 4—Laura M. Zinser, 3—Harry and Mamma, 5—Nellie L. Howes, 6—Carrie Thacher, 3—E. K., 1—"We Girls," 4—No Name, Englewood, Ill., 6—Esme Beauchamp, 1—Wilfred and Helen Jordan, 1.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell a word often heard, and the central letters a day of the week.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A support for a picture. 2. Invection. 3. Lays. 4. Periods. 5. A kind of antelope. 6. Superb.

K. F. L.

HOOR-GLASS.

1. A PUZZLE. 2. An English poet and artist. 3. To disclose. 4. A letter. 5. A club. 6. Glossy. 7. Faculty.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous artist who was born and who died in the month of April.

C. B.

DIAGONAL.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell a much-loved name.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ancient. 2. A sovereign. 3. Gentleness. 4. Rumor. 5. To fancy. 6. A plant whose virtues have been put in verse by Charles Lamb. 7. A character in Shakspeare's play of "The Tempest."

HATTIE.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below

28. Lyons. 29. Shanghai. 30. Lisle. 31. Morocco. 32. Belfast. 33. Lucknow. 34. Mandalay.

DICKENS PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Rogue Riderhood. Cross-words: 1. Roger. 2. Oliver. 3. Glubb. 4. Uncle. 5. Emily. 6. Rudge. 7. Isaac. 8. Drood. 9. Evans. 10. Roket. 11. Hexam. 12. Orange. 13. Orlick. 14. Dumps.

WORD-BUILDING. I, si, sin, sine, reins, singer, serving, severing, reserving, preserving, persevering.

Pt. Slayer of winter, art thou here again?
O, welcome, thou that bringest the summer night!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the throats' song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!
WM. MORRIS—"The Earthly Paradise."

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Iliad. 2. Ladle. 3. Idiot. 4. Alone. 5. Deter. II. 1. Decamp. 2. Editor. 3. Citole. 4. Atones. 5. Molest. 6. Presto.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Pose. 2. Open. 3. Send. 4. Ends. II. 1. Rare. 2. Aloe. 3. Roll. 4. Eels. III. 1. Spar. 2. Pace. 3. Acre. 4. Reed. IV. 1. Scar. 2. Cage. 3. Ages. 4. Rest.

the other, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a word which, through one of Dickens's stories, has come to mean unreasonable self-sufficiency.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of light shoe. 2. The chief commander of a regiment of troops. 3. Proceeding by degrees. 4. To confuse. 5. An error. 6. A person affected by excessive enthusiasm. 7. The master of a small trading-vessel. 8. A small anchor. 9. Service. 10. A kind of puzzle. 11. Sportive.

D.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

I . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . 2

3 . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . 4

UPPER SQUARE: 1. To support. 2. To overthrow. 3. A famous mountain. 4. A kind of turf.

LOWER SQUARE: 1. A kiln to dry hops or malt. 2. Surface. 3. To make fast. 4. Lofty.

From I to 2, ended; from 3 to 4, spoken; from I to 4, an idyl.

"XELIS."



WORD-BUILDING.

I. A LETTER. 2. A printer's measure. 3. A tree. 4. A tree. 5. The hero of a tragic poem. 6. A destructive wind that sometimes blows, in Turkey, from the desert. 7. Doth mail. 8. To pretend. 9. Cripples. 10. Animals. "XELIS."

OCTAGONS.



I. 1. To fold. 2. The European throistle. 3. The name of a church and palace in Rome. 4. Medial. 5. Published without the authors' permission. 6. Philosophers. 7. A masculine nickname.

II. 1. A grassy field. 2. A rapier. 3. Following the exact words. 4. To raise. 5. Wasted away by friction. 6. Made of oats. 7. Induced. FRANK SNELLING.

ANAGRAM.

A DISTINGUISHED man of letters:

OH, N! HEAR THIN WAN TALE.

W. S. R.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

By selecting the right word from each of the thirteen sentences following, a proverb concerning April may be formed:

1. Alexander was below a man when he affected to be a god.
2. April showers bring forth May flowers.
3. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.
4. Every dog has his day, and every man his hour.
5. Corn and horn go together; when corn is cheap, cattle are not dear.
6. It is better to do well than to say well.
7. It is very hard to share an egg.
8. A good life keeps off wrinkles.
9. For the rose, the thorn is often plucked.
10. Hear both sides before you praise or condemn.
11. Make hay while the sun shines.
12. April and May are the key of the whole year.
13. Calm weather in June sets the corn in tune.

C. D.

RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. Low hills of drifting sand. 2. To separate. 3. Moderate warmth. 4. Pertaining to ships. 5. The fruit of a tropical tree.

DOWNWARD: 1. In danger. 2. A pronoun. 3. To

gain as clear profit. 4. Level. 5. A division of the calyx. 6. To wander. 7. To thrust with violence. 8. An exclamation. 9. In danger.

II. ACROSS: 1. The mountain daisy. 2. To indulge without restraint. 3. The principal post at the foot of a staircase. 4. To give new life to. 5. A masculine name.

DOWNWARD: 1. In danger. 2. A conjunction. 3. A small tumor. 4. To assert. 5. Fresher. 6. A kind of cotton gauze. 7. Part of a sofa. 8. A pronoun. 9. In danger. G. F.

PI.

RALEDAY solce yb rou sermum glenwild

Het tearse rowrasp sparete hre gosn;
A reymr brewlar, seh sedich het slomboss—
Het deil mossbols hatt pleso os glon.

Het budibrel schant rofm het slem glon charbens
A myhn ot clewmeo het dingdub yare.
Eht thouz dwinn redswan romf difel ot fresot,
Dan flytos sperwish "Eht grispn si heer."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A FAMOUS fleet. 2. Erects. 3. Mistakes. 4. To suppose as a fact. 5. One who deems. 6. To maintain. II. 1. A white metallic alloy. 2. Abandons. 3. Truncate. 4. The person who has a right to present to a benefice. 5. Doctrines. 6. To estimate.

CHARLES BEAUFORT.

ZIGZAG AND DIAGONAL.

1	.	8	.	.
.	2	.	9	.
.	.	3	.	10
.	4	.	11	.
5	.	12	.	.
.	6	.	13	.
.	.	7	.	14

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The river of forgetfulness. 2. Legends. 3. A town of France, famous for its mineral springs. 4. Passionate. 5. A tenth part. 6. Spiritless. 7. Foundation.

From 1 to 7 and from 8 to 14 each name a great elegy.

I	12
.	2	.	.	11	.
.	.	3	.	10	.
.	.	9	.	4	.
.	8	.	.	5	.
7	6

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Disguised. 2. A narrow valley. 3. Encomium. 4. A soldier placed on guard. 5. A fabulous animal. 6. Relating to the Muses.

From 1 to 6 and from 7 to 12, the two authors of the elegies named in the foregoing zigzag. DYCIE.

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